ENGLISH REVIEW

15

AUGUST 1910

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1930

Correspondence

Politics and Agriculture

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—For years past agriculturists have been told repeatedly that they do not know what they want, or that they are too divided in their opinions. This is scarcely true, because ninety-nine per cent. know well enough that they want remunerative prices for their produce, and they also know that these can only be obtained by Protection, but they are afraid to say so, simply because they have also been told that they must neither ask for it nor expect it. Thus, some have from time to time been led off on to the side tracks of minor and totally inadequate remedies, such as " co-operative buying," " improved marketing," " grading and packing," " land drainage," " fixity of tenure," " land nationalization," and many similar nostrums which at the best are mere palliatives.

Whilst admitting that progress is being made in agricultural constituencies by the Empire Free Trade Crusade, the question arises as to whether farmers are not, on the whole, a little too optimistic in looking to the salvation of their industry by this ideal policy alone? Some of the more thoughtful are asking themselves whether Lord Beaverbrook's contention that the Empire can provide for the Empire's need does not in itself foreshadow a danger of the Dominions becoming as great competitors as the outside world; and when, added to this, there is the promise that food will cost no more, we shall do well to analyse the position more critically.

The Protectionist Party seems to be divided into three groups, now perceptibly drawing more into line than at the commencement of the present year.

Mr. Baldwin stands for duties on foreign imports, with preference to the Dominions and Colonies, but no tax on foreign foodstuffs until it has first been asked for by the Dominions and, secondly, sanctioned

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by referendum at home. He is, however, agreed on a standard minimum of 55s. per quarter guaranteed price for home-grown wheat and for the exclusion of bounty-fed barley and oats.

Lord Beaverbrook seems to be in accord with all this except that he does not think the fixed standard price for wheat will be necessary, and that he now discards the referendum; but apparently does not object to Mr. Baldwin as a leader. (Or does he?)

Lord Rothermere would now concur with Lord Beaverbrook in the matter of food duties, yet agrees with Mr. Baldwin as to the need for a standard price for wheat, but declines to support him as a leader unless he approves the personnel of his future cabinet.

Of the three, Lord Beaverbrook has certainly during the past six months made the most headway with his proposals. He declares with no uncertain voice his faith that food will cost no more, and many believe him, but will the majority do so? The Cobdenites have reason to be happy that this assertion can easily be refuted, and if not, of what use is it to the farmer? Let us see.

Does not Lord Beaverbrook really mean that the food of the people

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will in the aggregate cost no more, because the natural production of foodstuffs indigenous to the home land and to the colonies respectively will be so stimulated by Protection that there will be a greater abundance than ever?

We have had evidence since the introduction of safeguarding that mass production being encouraged by protective duties tends to cheapen commodities; the motor industry, for instance. But if one commodity more than another is cheapened by the Empire Free Trade policy, it will be wheat, and that is why the farmer, whilst supporting Lord Beaverbrook in the main, should induce him to fall into line with Mr. Baldwin and Lord Rothermere, and ask for the standard minimum price of 55s. It is not much to concede. Although wheat may still truly be regarded as the sheet-anchor of British agriculture, there are, nevertheless, many other branches of farming which need stimulation. Take one example of many: Bush fruit, of which this year there is such abundance, while our markets have been forestalled with a glut of gooseberries and currants from the Netherlands. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that the net price received by the home grower has left him nothing but loss, the consumer is still paying practically the same price as in years of scarcity.

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Is it not a fact also that bread and all other farinaceous foods are to-day substantially the same as before the introduction of bounty-fed wheat from the Continent gave the death blow to British wheat growing, so that Lord Beaverbrook may be correct in forecasting no increase in price to the consumer?

All practical and experienced farmers are agreed that wheat growing is the real basis of arable farming, and that the amount required to subsidize it up to the promised standard price would be so small as easily to be provided out of the revenue derived from duties charged upon other foreign food imports.

The difficulties with which Empire Free Traders are met in having to answer these queries as to food prices should form no more than a strong inducement to be ready with a complete answer.

British farmers are frequently told by Cobdenite Free Traders that they would do well to study the scientific methods of their foreign

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competitors; would it not be as well, on the other hand, for farmers to tell the Cobdenites to study the foreign methods of scientific Protection?

Cobdenites are now telling us that Empire Free Trade is a beautiful ideal, impossible of realization. Is not this due to the fact that their own ideal of world-wide free trade is, after eighty-four years, farther off than ever? That Cobden's prediction, if Great Britain adopted Free Trade every other country would in five years have followed suit, has never been realized is due largely to the fact that the great Free Trade prophet himself overlooked that the primary reason for tariffs was revenue. His present-day disciples would seem also to overlook it; yet the fact remains that no Exchequer in the world can disregard it, and that may possibly be a greater obstacle than is anticipated by Lord Beaverbrook when the Dominions have to be approached. He must not be disheartened, therefore, if he finds negotiations move slowly from this cause. Our Dominions have too long known the value of the revenue derived from import duties to throw it hastily away. European States are still more alive to its value, and that is why the recent international negotiations for reduction of import duties failed.—Yours, etc.,

A MAN OF KENT.

Bodysnatchers of Literature

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—In some respects the article by Mr. John Shand in your issue for June might, perhaps, be applied to Bodysnatchers of Music. Pick up any volume of music containing a collection of pieces taken from various operas, etc., and note how these pieces have been cut and slashed and arranged.

Why should the works of famous composers be maltreated in this way? People who are not familiar with the compositions in their original form not only have their pleasure curtailed in playing them, but are likely to form a much less appreciative view of the composer's genius.

As an example, the Toreador's famous song from *Carmen* nearly always suffers from these "arrangements." Although I have looked through dozens of these collections, not once have I seen "Ah! Che La Morte" from Verdi's opera *Il Trovatore* given as he wrote it.—Yours, etc.

FRED C. HARVEY.

15 Dixon Road, Crosshill, Glasgow, S.2.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1930.

Current Comments

Tariffs and Unemployment

THE most important event of the month has been the Bankers' manifesto in favour of reversing our historic Free Trade policy. This marks the beginning of the end of an era of economic prosperity probably unequalled in its duration and certainly unique in its character. The great wealth of the Oriental civilizations of the distant past was the wealth of a dynasty, a conquering caste or a priesthood, was built on slave labour and expended itself in consumption rather than production. The more elaborate economic structure of Athenian, Roman and Spanish Empires had nevertheless as its foundation the levying of a tribute by a dominant military power. The wealth of France during the *grand siècle* was more apparent than real, and the appearance derived from the privileges of the few, not from the property of the many. The uneven expansion of British wealth and population, which began with the industrial revolution and only to-day has begun visibly to decline, is unique in that it has been based, not on tribute levied from, but on goods and services supplied to, the rest of the world. Even to-day we are the largest exporting country in the world, if the total of our exports is expressed in terms of our population. All this, it is said, was the result of our Free Trade system. Why then do we propose to abandon it?

The Essentials of Real Free Trade

THE answer to this question is perfectly simple. Our prosperity was based on our ability to supply the needs of the world better and more cheaply than other people. That ability was fostered and increased by our Free Trade system, but it rested ultimately on our natural resources, the virtues of our people and the backwardness of other nations in industrial development. Economists will differ greatly in their estimate of the importance of these factors. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that the second factor was by far the most important.

The energy, skill and self-denial of the working classes over long periods of time, and the readiness of the owners of capital to husband the resources which they owed to the skill and energy of their employees, were the basic causes of our prosperity. The country as a whole accepted the hard discipline of the Free Trade system, with its automatic and often ruthless adjustments of individual earnings to world prices.

Real Free Trade Already Dead

It is easy to say that the ruthlessness of the system fell largely on one class, the manual labourer, while the benefits accrued largely to a different class, his employers. But that is merely to attack Free Trade on the ground that it was free. The free, rigorous and continuous adjustment of wages to prices—and the government of individual earnings by the unfettered operation of the law of supply and demand—was an integral and fundamental part of the Free Trade system. It is not Free Trade which has failed: to-day we are, in hard fact, the most highly protected country in the world. The distributive system of the country is protected and subsidized; the standard of life in the working class is protected and largely guaranteed, and the only thing which is not protected is the home market of the British manufacturer, who has to pay for our roads, to forfeit the interest on his railway investments to keep the trade unions equable, and to pay for the housing, education, pensions and out-of-work maintenance of the whole nation, and who, in doing so, has in many cases lost the ability to compete successfully in the world's markets.

The Labour Revolt from Free Trade

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who may be regarded, with Mr. H. J. Laski, as the real brains of the Labour Movement to-day, gives yet another reason for the abandonment of the Free Trade position. He points out that even if the conditions requisite to Free Trade could be restored (which, of course, as a Socialist he does not desire) the equalization of natural resources by chemistry and engineering makes it extremely dubious whether the old theory of trade as an exchange of mutual benefits must not be altogether discarded. The Free Trade assumption was that wages would be on a

world level, related to the world supply of commodities, and that real wages would rise with this supply. The determining factor was not, on this theory, the wage rates of different countries, but their relative aptitude for different kinds of production. Now, according to Mr. Cole, there is no such thing. Modern developments in power production and distribution will soon place all countries on a level, climatic conditions can be equated, as has already taken place in regard to cotton spinning, and chemistry can provide synthetic raw materials at least as good as the natural commodity. This argument is important and very plausible. It does not alter our view, however, that the real case for Protection to-day is the necessity of filling the existing gap in our already protectionist system. The bankers' manifesto makes it clear that, in the opinion of a great many of them best able to judge, the filling of this gap has become an urgent practical necessity.

The Alternative to Protection

THE alternative policy suffers from the disingenuousness of its advocates. We exclude from this category Mr. Snowden, because his doctrinaire position is capable of no purely rational defence. Mr. Snowden is a Gladstonian Liberal and a theoretic Free Trader by intellectual conviction, as are all men with any power of clear thinking. But he is also dominated by a moral conviction of the injustice of the present distribution of wealth, which leads him to support practical measures of labour Protection which vitiate his own intellectual convictions. The only practical alternative to Protection is individualist Free Trade as advocated still by Mr. Runciman. But the fact essential to the restoration of this system is a dictatorship, which Mr. Runciman would be the first to oppose. Without a dictatorship the complete reversal of our social policy, wholesale wage reductions and the removal of restrictions on output, could never be achieved. If Mr. Snowden has his way, a state of bankruptcy and chaos leading to the early fall of Parliamentary Government will result. That is as certain as that night will follow day. But even in that disastrous event is it clear that Mr. Runciman will be the dictator?

THE only serious competitor with orthodox Protection is the Mosley-Wise (or should we say worldly-wise) scheme for import boards. Much more will be heard of this plan, which was born of Mr. Frank Wise's highly successful experience at the Ministry of Food. Briefly the idea is, in regard to agricultural produce, to guarantee a good price to the British producer and by spreading the increased cost to the consumer over the whole of our consumption, to avoid the alleged defect of a protectionist tariff, under which prices rise automatically by the full amount of the duty. In return for an undertaking to make our bulk purchases from the Dominions we should, it is claimed, be able to extract reciprocal concessions.

Sir Oswald Mosley's Scheme

THE plan must not be lightly dismissed. The overwhelming argument against it as a policy for unemployment is that, by its nature, it is applicable only to foodstuffs, where home production and consumption can be fairly ascertained. It thus leaves on one side the home manufacturer, and provides no solution of the problem of financing our social services. The very fact that the object of the scheme is to limit the rise in food prices to the consumer (in fact, our dear old friends " improved administration " and " co-ordination " appear again as gods from the machine to ensure that there will be no rise at all in retail food prices), limits its value to the Dominions and therefore must be expected to limit the reciprocal benefits which our manufacturers might get from them. It is, on the other hand, of no more value to the farmer than Mr. Baldwin's policy of guaranteed prices and no more (though no less) economically justifiable. Its political importance is, however, substantial. It has the look of a policy, and if advantage were taken of the forthcoming Imperial Conference to strike a provisional bargain with the Dominions for extended preferences, the socialistic character of the proposal, its appearance of indemnifying the consumer, and the fact that it could be put immediately into operation, might rally the working-class vote once more to the anti-Protectionist banner.

The Political Importance of the Mosley Plan

The Crisis in the Conservative Party

We can in the circumstances find no cause for anything but impatience with the growing hostility of the Press Lords to Mr. Baldwin. Lord Beaverbrook has, at a by-election, the monopoly of the limelight, but when the battle is joined all along the line, the issue will be decided quite simply by the unity or disunity of the Conservative Party. Lord Beaverbrook's open diplomacy, like all open diplomacy, is liable to make a breach of the peace inevitable at any moment. We may think what we like of Mr. Baldwin as a party leader, but he can be changed only by the party, not by Lord Beaverbrook. If the Press Lords want a new leader, they are setting to work with considerable energy to make a change in the leadership impossible. If Mr. Baldwin goes out of his way at the same time to make a change desirable, the country will be the loser.

India

The situation in India is dominated by the desire of Lord Irwin to get a round table conference on the constitutional reforms at almost any cost. We see here another repercussion of the lamentable belief that a bad "settlement" is better than no "settlement" at all. This fantastic and rather degrading doctrine led to the fiasco of the naval conference, with its wholly evil consequences in Europe and its entire failure to conciliate America. The fact is that policies are not "good" or "bad" but just or unjust. A just settlement, however secured, will last. An unjust settlement, reached unanimously, will break down.

The Essential of a "Just" Settlement

We do not want to suggest that this fact, though fact it undoubtedly is, makes a settlement easier. Justice in a matter of this kind is not easily determined. Even the rough-and-ready principles, which practical experience has shown to be most conducive to the ordered and civilized progress of Western nations, are not here applicable, not even if we were able conscientiously to make the assumption that differences of mere race could be ignored. If we could justly assume no essential differences between Indians and Europeans, we should still be faced by the cardinal fact that India

is not a nation. We have therefore to devise a settlement to which not one of the axioms of Western political science can contribute anything. The problem is *sui generis*: the solution, if it is to be apposite, will be the same.

The Fatality of Compromise

WHAT is certain is that an unjust settlement, a settlement, that is, which takes no account, in the interests of immediate agreement, of facts which are crucial, will lead not to peace but to war. It is useful to remember that the settlement of the far less complex South African question was *imposed* by the Liberal Government of 1906: it was not and never could have been negotiated. It succeeded not because it was imposed but because it was just. Had it been negotiated by men who announced at the outset that their primary object was a settlement, and that the nature of the settlement was a secondary affair, in which sacrifices could readily be made, the die-hard element among the Boers would have never been appeased without concessions which would have made the settlement unjust and therefore temporary.

A Question of Psychology

THE failure of the present Government to insist on their ultimate responsibility for ensuring a just settlement and seeing that it is put into operation is, unfortunately enough, even more regrettable in India than it would be elsewhere. In England, a government can excuse itself to some extent in the eyes of the governed by pleading that it acted in accordance with public opinion, and, indeed, no minister can defend his actions on the sole ground that he is carrying out the King's orders. In India the position is reversed. No Viceroy can obtain even popular condonation of his mistakes by pleading that he acted on the advice of his ministers. If the ministers make mistakes, Indian public opinion will hold the Viceroy or the Governor responsible. The same applies even more clearly to the Imperial Government. Whatever measure of agreement is reached at whatever conference, the responsibility of the Imperial Government will not be regarded as lessened thereby. There is no body of Indian opinion which will tolerate a government which

does not govern. It is the fact that so far it *has* governed, and that fact alone, which has reconciled India to the Imperial rule. Government by consent is the one type of government which India will never accept from any body of people, whether British or Indian.

The Egyptian Parallel

THE same situation that will arise, on a vast scale, in India, if any attempt is made to introduce Imperial neutrality into Indian politics, has already arisen in Egypt. As Mr. Harold Nicolson, who is no friend to conventional Imperialism, pointed out in an able article in the *Evening Standard* last month, we must either govern or go. The choice before us is between an easy surrender and a costly re-assertion of just government. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's amazing pronouncement that he is not prepared to allow an amendment of the electoral law is in effect an announcement that he is quite indifferent to the maintenance of order and justice in Egypt, but that nothing must be done to call in question the political wisdom of Victorian radicalism. There is only one question in Egypt. Are we to govern or are the Egyptians to misgovern? As Mr. Nicolson acidly puts it, a general election will put the Wafd politicians in office to the great disadvantage of Egypt. A whiff of buckshot will send them back to the Parisian Boulevards to the great advantage of Egypt. But nothing but buckshot *will* do so.

The Choice in India

SERIOUS as is the situation arising out of Imperial neutrality in Egypt, it would be infinitely more serious in India: so much more serious that the reaction of what we do in Egypt on the Indian question should take first place in the consideration of the Government. British abdication in Egypt will lead to rioting, a decline in commercial prosperity and the oppression of the native Egyptians by a clique of non-Egyptian politicians of varied origin. In time, it would lead to the entry of another European power into Egypt, when the old story would begin again at the beginning, though, not impossibly, with a European war as a prelude. British abdication from the responsible task of deciding and supervising India's constitutional

development would lead immediately to chaos over a vast continent. Such chaos would leave neither Russia, Afghanistan nor the tribes on the North-West Frontier unmoved, while within India racial and religious conflicts would begin. From this chaos we could not extricate ourselves even by the most dishonouring political surrender. We should have to eat our own words of settlement and reconquer India. We should be forced to do so by the mere logic of facts. But before the spectacle of such a failure, British Parliamentary democracy would have gone the way of Indian separatism. The master would not have survived the *débâcle* of the pupil.

What all Parties Know

HAPPILY, all this is as well known to His Majesty's Government as to others. There is no question whatever of any wholesale surrender. The danger is, however, that in their zeal for Conference, they will strengthen the disruptive elements in India so much that the task, not of devising a settlement but of enforcing it, will be rendered doubly onerous. In the process, and this is the most serious count in the indictment, the Government will lay themselves open to the charge of bad faith unless they can desist from the practice of uttering, at frequent intervals, loosely worded pronouncements in no way related to the facts. That these pronouncements are always so worded as to be capable of inoffensive interpretations we readily admit. This kind of disingenuous finesse does not, however, strike us as admirable. It savours more of Mr. Lloyd George's method of settling strikes than of statesmanship. It combines a lack of dignity with a false sense of political expediency, and makes the worst of both worlds. It betrays at once a lack of *savoir-faire* and a lack of principle. A pinchbeck Pecksniff and a shambling Machiavelli are not, for India, the men whom the hour demands.

An Amazing Broadcast

A SERIES of broadcast talks on morality by Professor John Macmurray has recently concluded.

The position taken up by the professor can be most fairly summarized by a very few quotations from his own words.

"To express oneself freely and spon-

taneously, and realize oneself—that *is* to be a good man or woman."

"Anything is free when it realizes its own proper nature spontaneously . . it follows that, for us, to be free and to be moral are one and the same thing."

"Instead of saying that any freedom is bad which is against morality, we ought to say that any morality which is against freedom is a bad morality."

"There is no such thing as a moral law and the idea of obedience has no place in morality."

"We tell people that there is a moral law and that they ought to obey it . . . to do that is to attempt to destroy their freedom."

These views are familiar to many and no doubt require to be considered by students, but in whose name and by what right are these views, clothed in the smug garb of academic correctitude, allowed to go out unchallenged from the headquarters of a state institution?

A Professorial Professor

THE professor was, indeed, extremely professorial. Here was no "point of view." What he thought was right; what he didn't think was wrong. Plato was wrong; Aristotle was wrong; Christ was wrong; Aquinas was wrong; Calvin was wrong. Macmurray was right. And in the true modern spirit he was telling the world.

Oscar Wilde told the world precisely the same thing forty years ago, but he was not provided with a platform by an ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a former Minister of Education and allowed to announce *urbi et orbi* the end of Christian morality. And the resources of a great department of State were not employed to detect and prosecute those who refused to pay for the licenses from which his remuneration came.

Controversial political allusions are not allowed by the B.B.C. except in debates and on the occasions when the political leaders in turn are permitted to lay their case before the public. Why is the tariff question sacrosanct while Christian morality can be travestied in the name of mental science? It is easy and comfortable to say that conventional morality will survive attacks. It is

wiser to inquire whether, in fact, it is surviving. And having asked, it is pertinent to reflect on the extent to which in the past the organized expression of disruptive ideas has overthrown established societies. Small men produce big effects.

Why this Incessant Propaganda?

It may be thought that we attach too much importance to this ingenuous professor. We can assure our readers that we do not. We know, moreover, the exact nature of the qualifications and subtleties which he would employ to prove that where he appeared to say one thing he really meant exactly the opposite. Even thus do the hedonists prove that a man may give his life for another without giving the lie to their philosophy. Such a man, they say, prefers death to life, and his actions prove it. This kind of intellectual tomfoolery does no harm at all in the classroom, where it belongs, and it would do no harm on the platform if profounder philosophies were not excluded from the same platform. But we live in a half-educated world, which pays much attention to jargon and is impressed by professors, holding them to be men having some secret pass-key to the riddle of the universe. Having created this public, we must reckon with it. Our complaint is not by any means with the professor, who is entitled to his own views, but with the authorities of the B.B.C. who allow themselves to be used in season and out of season, unwittingly as we believe, as vehicles for propaganda by men who know that the public to-day are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of easy-sounding words. It is not a coincidence that the views of those who speak from the B.B.C. studios are invariably tendencious and invariably tend to the left.

The Explanation of the Mystery

It is sometimes urged naively enough, as if it were an answer, that this is because those most gifted in talking and writing all hold "advanced" views. Of course they do. The advance aimed at is towards a world where facts bow to formulæ and men bow down before words. Our simple submission is that it is the words that proceed from the mouth of God, not from the mouths

of professors, that are necessary if men are to have life more abundantly. The world of which advanced thinkers dream, and for which they are prepared never to lay down the pen, is a bad world in which despair takes the place of hope and envy of charity. It is a world of unappeasable materialism, under a thin veneer of fine sentiments, gratifying no doubt the vanity of those who utter them, but unconvincing to those to whom self-discipline has denied the pleasant gift of self-deception. Decent and Christian people do not want to see Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, and do not intend to see it there. The authorities in charge of the B.B.C. would do well to take note of the fact.

The Test Matches

By the time these notes appear the result of the fourth Test Match will be known. But enough is known already to make it clear that, so far as England is concerned, team-building must begin again. At the present moment, the shortcomings of elderly professors are balanced, or nearly, by a leavening of enthusiastic amateurs. But international cricket must be increasingly a professional affair. The only amateur to-day who can devote enough time to the game to allow him to compete fairly on his merits with the professors is the nephew of an Indian Prince, who shares with Bradman the distinction of being one of the two greatest batsmen in the world to-day. The ordinary English public schoolboy, however, will be less and less able to spare the time for these long matches, which call for a new standard of physical fitness. It is indeed doubtful whether, except in the case of the genius who can break all laws, the case of a Hobbs or a Grimmett, there is much place in international cricket for a man over 35. Still more certain is it that in the teams of the future there will be few places for men who cannot bowl as well as bat, and none at all for men who cannot field. It is unfortunate that the team selected for the South African tour contains not a single real all-round cricketer, if we except Tate, and even he is a doubtful exception.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Federation Douche.—All the replies to M. Briand's proposal for a Federal Union of European States have now been received. Summing them up in a single sentence, it may be said that they show how immensely difficult it would be to bring such a project into operation. Of course, it would be unjust to lump such a number of diverse responses into a single phrase, many of them being undoubtedly inspired by high motives, such as those which actuated M. Briand. Yet, unquestionably, the outstanding impression one obtains from examining them is that they have made the scheme appear far more difficult to realize than it looked on the reading of the French Foreign Minister's Memorandum.

Self-interests first.—What strikes one forcibly is the almost entire absence from these communications of any indication of the "European mind," which for several years M. Briand has been striving to encourage. It is to be feared that he is the only Foreign Minister who even tries to suggest that he possesses it. The others clearly reveal that their interest in a European Federal Union lies exclusively in the advantages they might obtain from it for their own country. Their support of the plan is obviously contingent on its being framed in such a way that their special interests will be benefited and that they will suffer no disadvantages. Yet these special interests are very often in contradiction with those of their neighbours. Whether the possession of a "European mind" is a good or a bad thing is beside the point. What is evident is that there is small hope of establishing a European Federation if the majority of the architects wish it to be constructed on a nationalist basis, each of them providing his separate foundation stone.

Geneva liveliness.—When the various replies are brought together for consideration in September, Geneva should provide more liveliness than it has done for a year or two. There it is usual to adopt the pose of universality

of outlook, but on this occasion some of the delegates will have to be amazingly clever to succeed in reconciling the conflicting interests which they will have to voice. The British representative has a favourable atmosphere by reason of the British argument that the objectives of M. Briand could best be realized within the *cadre* of the League of Nations. This contention will obviously be very welcome at Geneva. But it also means that, if the League of Nations can do the job, there is no need for any new organization—and that will not be popular among those who have hopes of gaining something out of a Federal Union. Already it is very evident that the British response to M. Briand is far from being popular in Paris.

Paris disappointed.—It is rather extraordinary that Paris should have shown so much surprise and disappointment over the character of the British communication. The British reaction to the Briand Memorandum, immediately it was issued, ought to have told French observers what would be the nature of the eventual British answer, for it was made clear that the project contained little that could appeal to Britain in her peculiar situation. But in these diplomatic exchanges the French have a way of hoping against hope, that the obvious development will in some mysterious way be checked, and then, when what always was certain to happen does happen, they become dismayed, and very frequently angry, alleging they have been deceived, when it is only their own delusions which have led them astray.

Italian subtlety.—Next to the British Note, of which it is said that "it would be really impossible to show less enthusiasm," the most severe shock was caused by the Italian reply. While the one created dismay, that provoked fury. It was felt that the Italians were trying to score, in the eyes of the world, by improving on M. Briand's proposals, and it was all the more annoying to Paris that this subtly-framed response did give the impression of being an improvement. It even had an effect in the main quarter of M. Briand's home support, which is the French Left. Here it was felt that Italy had considerably ameliorated M. Briand's scheme by declaring that disarmament should be the starting point for

solving the problem of security. This was already the view of the French Left, and they were consequently angry that M. Briand had not said it, but had provided the opportunity for Signor Mussolini, for whom they have a violent dislike. Naturally, the bulk of the Paris Press testily insisted that Signor Mussolini was not sincere, recalling his discourse on the superior beauty of guns compared with words; but it was impossible to get away from the hard fact that he was making a definite pacific proposal, and M. Briand was severely criticized for allowing himself to be out-manœuvred.

Franco-Italian relations better.—Since the reception of the Italian Memorandum there has, however, been an improvement of the "atmosphere" surrounding purely Franco-Italian relations—that problem which, though most obscure, has created the greatest uneasiness experienced with Continental affairs. Both the French and Italian Governments have announced that they have agreed to a "naval holiday"—one of the points of controversy. There is difficulty in ascertaining the precise terms of the truce. Both Governments are continuing the warship-building already begun for this year. What is meant, so far as I can discover, is that they will not begin any more work before December, which they might possibly have done. On the French side, this would apply to the so-called 1930 programme, which, speaking from memory, is, I think, one of 18 units, including one cruiser, six destroyers and eight submarines. It could be, and is being, said that this work would not have been begun in any case before December. But that means "in normal circumstances." These vessels, had Franco-Italian animosity been increased, might have been speeded-up, and there might have been an equal speeding-up in Italian yards. At least that much has been gained. And, to those who have been studying symptoms very closely, it is no small thing.

The Chamber dispersed.—Possibly the Chamber of Deputies has done a fair amount of work during the past session, but it is difficult to recall anything noteworthy apart from the Social Assurance Act, which is just coming into operation, and has still to prove that it is popular with the workers whom it is intended to benefit. It had

been expected that it would be possible to push through the National Equipment Bill, with a proposed expenditure of £100,000,000 over five years, but this and the voting of the military credits had to be left over when M. Tardieu lost patience with the tactics of the Opposition and somewhat abruptly closed the session. The Deputies on his Left—very nearly half of the Chamber—were very angry over this exercise of majority strength, but it is doubtful if they will find much sympathy in the country. To everybody it was apparent that during the last two or three weeks of the session the Opposition had been much more concerned with trying to trip up the Government than with seriously endeavouring to improve the measures submitted to the House. And M. Tardieu correctly estimated public opinion in assuming that there was no desire for Cabinet-making in the holiday period. France does not want to be bothered with fictitious political "crises."

India in Peril

The Report of the Commission

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

It was prophesied some years ago that India would be lost at Westminster, with shattering effects on the Empire, and the sequence of events which has inevitably led to the present perilous situation ominously recalls this forecast. If ever the history of the handling of the problems in India in recent years comes to be written, it will be an appalling record of nescience, weakness and vacillation,* which in an Eastern land could only bring about the results now painfully manifest.

The Morley-Minto Reforms came into operation in January 1910. They were settled in principle between the Viceroy and the Secretary of State, and worked out in detail by the Central and Provincial Governments. Lord Morley was determined that an exotic parliamentary system which, as he said, "I, for one, would have nothing at all to do with," should not be forced upon India; but he was over-anxious as to the reception the political changes would receive, which, in this country, was distinctly favourable. In India these Reforms

were greeted with surprised approval. Mr. Gokhale and other leading Indians told me that all their expectations had been surpassed.†

It fell to me to inaugurate the new system in Bombay and to preside over two successive Councils, enlarged from 22 to 46, with a majority of 33 non-official members, of whom 21 were elected. These Councils proved responsible working bodies, and the tone of their debates was on a high level. We never had an official majority in Bombay, and, as far as possible, I confined Select Committees on Bills to non-official and elected members.

The Morley-Minto Reforms worked exceedingly well, and much could be learned from them. There were defects easily remedied; but we were then moving on lines which could have been broadened and extended

* "The Crumbling of an Empire," a pamphlet of 100 pages, published by the Indo-British Association of which I was President, gives a chronological summary of "The decline of British authority in India," from September 1916 to March 1922, which lies at the root of all that is now happening.

† "My Working Life." Murray.

with safety and real advantage to India. "My reforms," wrote Lord Morley, "were quite enough for a generation at least."

In September, 1916, however, Mrs. Besant, turning from Theosophy to politics, established a Home Rule League, and moderates and extremists, uniting at the Congress in December, for the first time demanded independence, since merged into "Dominion Status." As anarchical crimes were freely instigated, a placatory gesture from Whitehall was soon forthcoming.

In 1917, Mr. Lloyd George, at a critical period in the war, appointed Mr. Montagu to guide the destinies of India, and his classic declaration, into which Lord Curzon interpolated the shockingly abused, but eminently explosive, term, "responsible government,"* was made on August 20. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report followed, leading to the Government of India Act of 1919, rushed through the House of Commons by the kangaroo closure, though the clearest warnings were given at the time, pointing out exactly what has since happened. No more unsuitable moment for the calm consideration of organic changes in the Government of India could have been chosen. The nation was distraught by the effects of the war and in no mood to pronounce a reasoned opinion on these grave matters. The immediate result of this most momentous Act was "open rebellion," better planned than the Mutiny of 1857 and as dangerous. The handling of the situation by Mr. Montagu, and his treatment of the men, British and Indian, who saved India, went far to destroy British authority and to alienate the trust of our Indian friends.†

The Simon Commission was a legislative product of this disastrous Act, which unwisely laid down that the situation should be completely overhauled for the inspection of Parliament after a period of ten years. In response to loud clamour from Indian politicians, this period was antedated, and the three-party commission began its investigations on February 3, 1928. Again, the vast complex of Indian polity has been flung into the

* When he received this fateful announcement, Mr. Montagu is reported to have said, "I threw up my hat," which can easily be imagined.

† This degrading story is admirably told in Sir M. O'Dwyer's "India as I Knew It" and in Mr. Ian Colvin's "Life of General Dyer."

melting-pot, and again the nation, confronted with a serious economic crisis at home, and facing dangers in Egypt, Palestine, China, and possibly Iraq, is certainly not psychologically fitted to examine dispassionately the far-reaching problems of India.

The preliminary "Survey" of the Simon Report of more than 400 pages has received the high praise which it richly deserves in all countries, except in India, where the small politically-minded section finds the presentation of pregnant facts unpalatable. We have a compendium of essential information, well arranged and conveyed in coldly judicial language, attractive from its literary excellence.

India has an area of about 1,800,000 square miles, "as large as the whole of Continental Europe, without Russia." The population is now about 320,000,000, of whom about 250,000,000 are under British rule,* the rest being governed, in accordance with ancient tradition, by Princes and Chiefs in 562 States, large and small, showing a "striking diversity of characteristics." There are 222 vernacular languages, creating vertical cleavages throughout India. English is the only unifying tongue of the educated classes, and, in its absence, all the organizations now engaged in making India ungovernable would have to operate under the greatest difficulties. In British India there are about 163 million Hindus and 60,000 Muhammadans, most unequally distributed and living in a state of tension, frequently "carried to the point of violent outbreak." The Commission state that communal riots "have not diminished since the [Montagu] Reforms." They have, in fact, steadily increased, as the authority of government progressively diminished. Hindu society is further split, horizontally, into 2,300 castes, and is dominated by about 15,000,000 Brahmins, who abound in the administrative services, exercising "power and influence . . . which is out of all proportion to their numbers." At the lower end of the social scale are 43,600,000 "depressed classes," suffering in varying degrees from untouchability. In British India

* There has been no census since 1921.

British India also contains 11,491,000 Buddists, 2,367,000 Sikhs, 456,000, Jains, and 88,000 Parsees. There are also 3,028,000 Christians and 6,941,000 "others" living in aboriginal conditions.

14·4 per cent. of males and 2·0 per cent. of females are accounted "literates"—a term which needs to be heavily discounted, as many pupils of primary schools relapse into illiteracy. In English, the only all-India language, there are about 2½ million literates, and this number must also be discounted.

Successive waves of conquering races have made the peoples of India an aggregate of types, exhibiting differences far more marked than those of Europe. Punjabi, Muslims, Rajputs, Pathans, Bengalis, Marathas, Baluchis, or Tamils, for example, in psychology and outlook, are as poles asunder, and M. Briand's plans for a European political condominium, fantastic as they are, would seem to be purely derisory, if applied to India. British genius, after years of continuous hard work, has accomplished the miracle, and since 1858, when the Crown assumed all authority, the huge medley of warring races, religions and factions, has enjoyed equal justice under British laws, and could count securely on a *Pax Britannica,* which safeguarded their greatest interests.

Such are what the Commission call the "fundamentals of the Indian problem," and no one who has not assimilated the contents of their masterly "Survey" has any qualifications for judging the merits of the political changes they propose. It would have been well if they had devoted a section of their Report to a dispassionate summary of what British brains and British capital have conferred upon India, raising her to the forefront in the Eastern world, in civilization and progress. China, Persia, and Afghanistan give some idea of what India would have been but for the British Raj, though in none of these countries were the conflicting and disintegrating elements so numerous or so powerful.

The Commission most wisely took a broad view of their charter, and did not confine themselves to an appreciation of the effects of the Montagu Reforms, which would have robbed the Report of its permanent value. They have explained with perfect fairness and accuracy the structure and working of the whole machine of government, and they have made it possible for any conscientious reader to understand much that has been grossly misrepresented. Bureaucracy, used as a term of abuse by Indian politicians who have no idea of its

meaning, is commonly hurled against our rule. The work of the Indian Civil Servant, sharply contrasting with the system at home, is mainly carried out in the district—"the unit of government"—among the Indian peoples, to whom he is guide, councillor and friend, with duties infinitely varied. Except in the Central Government, there was no bureaucracy, which, however, began to develop under the Montagu Reforms, that, incidentally, caused the retirement, by 1924, of 345 "officers of 10 to 25 years' service, whom India could ill afford to lose." All this the Commission faithfully record, and their demonstration of the astonishingly small British personnel by which India is administered should be a revelation to our parliamentarians. In what is classed as "General Administration," there are, "in round figures, 630 Europeans out of a total of 5,500," excluding the "lower classes of subordinates."* In the police, 600 European officers and 800 sergeants rule a force of 187,000. In the civil medical department, we have only 200 out of nearly 6,000 officers; in the education service, 200 out of 1,500 officers in the higher grade; in the judiciary, 230 out of 2,500. Government in India is administered by Indians, with a small British element in the superior ranks, steadily diminishing, and doomed, in some cases, to disappear in the next 20 years, so rapidly is "Indianization" proceeding.

The constructive proposals of the Commission can only be judged in connection with the inexorable truths which they have fearlessly presented with rare lucidity. They contemplate a Federal Constitution as the only system which can place the Native States in their rightful position in the polity of India,†, and they exclude Burma, wrongly brought under the Montagu Reforms,‡ which destroyed its former felicity and contentment. The constitution suggested, which is in part lightly sketched, but elsewhere drawn in firm lines, is so designed as to fit into a Federal form by gradual evolution, for which provision is made.

The military question—vital to the security, internal

* In the United Provinces alone about 28,500 Indians.

† With Burma excluded, the native states comprise about half the area of India.

‡ I begged in the House of Lords that this should not be done.

and external, of India—is discussed at length with the gravity it deserves, since a constitution is waste paper unless the frontiers are safeguarded, and law and order are maintained. The Commission realize

> the impossibility of placing British troops under the uncontrolled orders of elected Ministers for the purpose of quelling disturbances of the peace,

They have found that the use of troops for this essential service has become more frequent in late years, and that, "on these occasions, the practically universal request was for British troops," as is natural and inevitable. They, therefore, leave the British and Indian armies under the authority of the Viceroy and administered by the Commander-in-Chief, whom they wisely remove from the Central Cabinet.

It is suggested that

> exceptional expenditure, rendered necessary by the organized attack of a foreign power,

should be shared by the Imperial Government, which is just to India. With statesmanlike grasp of realities, they note that

> The outstanding fact is that the urgency and extent of the problem of military defence in India are without parallel elsewhere in the Empire, and constitute a difficulty in developing self-government which never arose in any comparable degree in the case of the self-governing Dominions.

The illuminating map, which is provided, shows at a glance that the fighting races of India are mainly centred in the Punjab, the independent state of Nepal, and the United Provinces.* Incidentally, this map indicates where political power would reside if British authority was withdrawn from India.

In the reconstruction of the Central Government, the Indian Assembly of 145 members, of whom 105 derive nominally from 1,500,000 voters and actually from about 500,000, is replaced by a "Federal Assembly" of 250 to 280—too large for the expeditious transaction of business†

* These three areas contribute respectively 86,000, 19,000 and 16,500 to the combatant ranks of the Army, the rest of India being negligible. In the war, the Punjab alone supplied 360,000 men, one half Muslims, one-fourth Sikhs and one-fourth Hindus, out of a total contingent of 683,149 combatants.

† The House of Commons of Canada numbers 245.

—recruited from the Provincial Councils by proportional representation, to which the Commission attach "very great importance," rashly believing that, in Indian conditions, the representation of minority communities can thus effectively be safeguarded.

The Upper House, "Council of State," is to be formed on Federal principles from 3 members from each of the eight Governors' Provinces, with 3 seats for Minor Provinces, and two members from Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, representing Indian and British commerce equally, the Viceroy to be able to nominate not more than 20 officials. The Commission extend the normal life of the Assembly from 3 to 5 years, and that of the Council of State to 7 years—a sound reform.

In accordance with the Federal ideal, a consultative "Council of Greater India" is suggested, consisting of 10 members nominated by the Chamber of Princes, and 20 from the "Central Legislature, by the use of the transferable vote; others may be nominated by the Viceroy." This representation of non-British India is inadequate.

The Viceroy is to appoint his own Cabinet, and the statutory provision, which ensures that it should contain at least three members "who have been for at least ten years in the service of the Crown," is to be replaced by rules "subject to alteration," which might, in the future, lead to the Central Executive being composed wholly of untrained political careerists who would generally know little or nothing of India outside the Province they came from. To conserve the connection of the Central Government with the home administration, it would be far better that Cabinet Ministers should be appointed, as now, by the Crown, in consultation with the Viceroy.

The respective functions of the Central and Provincial Governments are carefully defined, and the latter receive a measure of autonomy, financial and other, which they have never enjoyed. The proposal that all the Provincial High Courts and the so-called "backward areas" should be administered from Delhi and Simla is opposed to the Federal idea. Every State in America and each Province in Canada and Australia has its own High Court, with full jurisdiction, except in Federal matters, and an Indian Province, with the High Court divorced from its Government, would be maimed as a political entity. There are also conditions peculiar to India which strongly militate

against this proposal. In the distant future, India will, of course, require a Supreme Court. Similarly, it is undesirable that the Central Government should have direct territorial responsibilities, and the backward areas should be left under the Provincial Governments to which they are now attached, where the Governors can watch over their interests in ways impossible to a Viceroy.

With certain reservations, the proposed reconstruction of the Central Government is a step in advance. The Commission seem to realize that any weakening of authority at the head would be disastrous, and the new Federal Assembly is less likely to contain a powerful faction using its endeavours to bring authority into contempt, as happens under the Montagu Reforms.

The changes in the provincial sphere are more drastic and, in certain respects, less happily conceived than those proposed in the Central Government. The Commission have carefully explained the farcical nature of democratic elections in India, and have provided a specimen ballot paper, showing that it is necessary to represent an aspiring legislator by pictorial emblems, such as an elephant, an umbrella, and a sword. They, nevertheless, more than treble the existing electorates, adding hugely to the mass of illiterate voters, and they make special provision for married women and widows of 25, which is premature.* Although Pandit Motilal Nehru, in his amateur constitution, proposed electorates totalling 100,000,000, it is by no means certain that Indian politicians will welcome this great extension, adding largely to their election expenses. Communal electorates are retained, and the Commission have given careful thought to the representation of all classes. The resulting complication is inevitable, and far beyond the scope of this article. Until a democracy exists in India, Western democratic institutions are obviously impossible, and it becomes necessary to resort to devices. That of reserved seats in general electorates, which the Commission favour, may fail hopelessly. It has happened that candidates have been set up who have been committed or even bought to support political factions, and not the interests of the community they are supposed to safeguard. The

* The exclusion of Muslim women in *purdah* would give an unjust advantage to Hindus, and this change would add largely to the gross irregularities already present at Indian elections.

basic principles of Fascism, which discards territorial electorates, and gives representation *in proportion to their national importance* to great corporations having common interests, is far better suited to India than diluted democracy, but would also present many difficulties.

The Provincial Legislative Councils are to be increased to "between 200 and 250" in the Major Provinces, which will tend to waste of time, and their normal life is extended from 3 to 5 years. The Commission, on grounds which are not clear, propose to abolish the "*official bloc*," which is highest (15) in Bombay and the United Provinces. This *bloc* consists of the only members experienced in administration and with wide knowledge of the Province whom a Council may possess, and were it not that business men have been found willing to undertake political duties, the absence of necessary knowledge of affairs might easily be crippling. The *bloc*, as is pointed out, has often been able to support a "Minister," whose measures were opposed by factions, and it has acted as a steadying influence. As Indian politicians are largely drawn from very few classes, there seems to be no valid guarantee that the enlarged Councils will be adequately equipped for dealing with matters vitally affecting the life of the humble cultivators, who form the vast majority of the Indian peoples.

The Governor is to select the members of his unitary executive, dyarchy being happily relegated to the limbo of fantastic ideas, and he may, in one or two cases, go outside the elected members of Council. There is to be a "Chief Minister," whose position *vis-à-vis* the Governor may become exceedingly delicate. Hitherto the executives have always contained able Civil Servants of wide experience, who, as a rule, understand the conditions of a Province far better than any urban politician. Cabinets containing one half officials, who need not be all British, as proposed by five most experienced Lieutenant-Governors in January 1919, would at least ensure adequate knowledge in the Provincial Executives. Successful government in a Native State depends mainly upon trained administrators whom the Chief appoints and sometimes borrows from British India. It is right that the Governor of a Province, on whom heavy new responsibilities are placed, should not be cramped in this respect.

The new Ministers are to take charge of all Provincial services, and the reservation of the Police, which some Indians openly, and many in secret, consider necessary, has evidently caused heart-searchings to the Commission, who decide against it. The effect would be that the administration of the First Line of the security forces might be in the hands of an unsympathetic or hostile Minister. The Governor, who is equipped with large powers to deal with an emergency, might thus find himself without efficient instruments for discharging his heavy responsibilities, and their changed prospects might cause discouragement to the police forces, which have shown admirable fortitude and loyalty in most trying circumstances.

India is the creation of the great public services, now tending to wither away. The Civil Service—Mr. Lloyd George's "steel frame"—has initiated or put in operation all the administrative reforms which have benefited the Indian peoples, and no constitution could be set up and worked in orderly fashion without its agency. British engineers have transformed huge areas, adding vastly to the production and prosperity of India as a whole, and have built up a railway system of nearly 40,000 miles. British medical officers, working amid many difficulties, have brought sanitation to bear, with great gain to public health, and have established excellent hospitals throughout India for the relief of suffering. The Agricultural and Forest Services stand close to the life of the masses, and on the Educational Service, which came mainly under Indian control too soon and with some deplorable results, depends the maintenance of Western standards of culture. The happiness and contentment of the Indian peoples rest far more upon the continued efficiency and incorruptibility of these seven great Services than upon any political changes, and, for some years to come, they must, in part, be recruited from this country. The Commission, which often and very attractively does its thinking aloud, decides that the Civil Service and the Police, as the primary "security services," should continue to be All-India Services, recruited partly from home, and they recognize that irrigation and forests stand in the same category, though, quite naturally, they are not fully aware of the possibilities of corruption and oppression provided by the

Montagu Reforms,* and capable of being checked by British supervision alone.

I have been able only to glance at some of the outstanding features of the great constitutional edifice, on which the Commission have expended infinite care and thought. Broadly speaking, the defects, which will occur to anyone who has made a study of the life of India, and who thinks first, last and always of the welfare of the excitable, credulous millions, knowing nothing of politics and constitutions, who have hitherto looked to British rule, and not in vain, for protection from traditional oppression, for justice and order, and for sympathy, fall into three categories.

1. The Commission emphasize the responsibility of Parliament, which was reaffirmed in the Government of India Act, and cannot be discarded without national dishonour. But responsibility without power to exercise it is a dangerous delusion, and in several respects this necessary power is distinctly curtailed, and at a time when the dominant political faction has demonstrated before the world its reckless irresponsibility and unfitness to be trusted with the destinies of India.

2. For reasons which I have partly explained, the rights of minorities generally, and especially of the Princes and Chiefs, governing half India, if Burma is excluded, and of the large Muslim population, which cherishes traditions of conquest and dominion, are insufficiently safeguarded, while the depressed classes, nearly as numerous, which have benefited largely from our rule, will be progressively deprived of the protection they will need for many years to come. The Commission refer to the "personal touch,"† which means so much to these age-long unfortunates, whose hopes centre upon the Raj; but the measures they propose will tend, in no long period, to replace these personal influences by race and caste prejudices, and the political protection provided is largely illusory.

3. If India is to continue to advance on Western lines, as is contemplated, at least by some of the politicians now "endeavouring to promote revolution through the

* In one Province, a subordinate of the Forest Service, dismissed for corruption, subsequently became a Minister in charge of Forests!

† "The great mass of the people desire personal rule, and we believe that, for many years to come, there can be no adequate substitute for it." Report.

overthrow of the Government,"* it is essential in the interests of the Indian peoples to supply a British element to leaven the seven great public services, to which I have referred. The Commission, though with some misgivings, make this provision only for the Civil Service and the Police.

The Act under which the Commission was appointed empowered them to "extend, modify, *or restrict* the degree of responsible Government" which could safely be granted to India, and Mr. Montagu's Proclamation in 1917 laid down that, in judging whether further advances would be justified, His Majesty's Government "must be guided by the co-operation received from those upon whom new opportunities of service will thus be conferred." They have, nevertheless, felt constrained—"we can do no other"—to advise a very large increase of electorates, which their admirable First Volume shows to be futile in existing conditions. I think that this apparent anomaly may be due to the difficulty of obtaining fearless evidence of the results of Mr. Montagu's Reforms. When they landed at Bombay, they could not be aware of the far-reaching intimidation from which India suffers, and by arranging that a Central Committee of eight Indian politicians should sit with them "on equal terms" and cross-examine witnesses, it was made inevitable that only a few stalwarts would speak the truth that was in them.

At the same time, it was almost impossible for the Provincial Governments to tell all that they knew, which might cause them to be violently attacked in their Legislative Councils. Of the working of these pseudo-democratic bodies, the Bombay Government reported: "On the whole, it [the Council] has not been unreasonable," which, reading between the lines, was not reassuring. The Bengal Government bluntly reported that "Recognition of responsibility to electors is absent," which plainly indicated that the first principle claimed for democracy had broken down. Only the Government of Bihar and Orissa sounded a clear note of alarm, pointing out that the whole machinery of government for the protection of the rayats has markedly deteriorated, and that the Congress Party has established a "dangerous hold on the primary schools," turning them into

* Statement by the Government of India.

centres of propaganda, while in many districts, "the District Board Staff and the village schoolmasters" have been converted into an "electoral organization," with great success to the Swarajists in the 1926 election. The police were reduced by "nearly 800 officers and men"; "the District Boards and Municipalities" are "travelling down the easy descent to chaos and bankruptcy," and the sufferers throw the blame on British Rule, no longer permitted to prevent gross abuses. Most of the Provincial Governments could have been as revealing as that of Bihar and Orissa; but they felt the perfectly natural restraint, which also afflicted most of the oral evidence.

The Commission, in their "Conclusion" to Vol. II, state that they have made no allusion to recent events, which have become far more grave since their "principal recommendations were arrived at," and that they

> have not altered a line of our report on that account, for it is necessary to look beyond particular incidents and to take a longer view.

The present distracted and menacing state of India, where lawlessness is widespread and the insidious operations of Bolshevism, to which the Commission do not refer, are plainly visible, can hardly be described as "particular incidents." They stand in the forefront of what the Commission describe as

> stubborn facts, which no amount of rhetoric or appeal to first principles can alter.

The former "facts," they add, "must be faced," and it is therefore a pity that they did not present the public with an independent study of the reactions of the Montagu Constitution—ushered in by "open rebellion"* upon the peace of India—and especially of the ominous growth of corruption, not confined to subordinate officials, and threatening to eat like a cancer into Indian politics and municipal institutions.

There are spots on the sun, and, while I have tried frankly to point out what I must regard as defects or oversights, I regard the Report as a masterpiece of constructive ability—the sound frame-work of an edifice which, with some changes, can be made to serve the onward progress of India, now arrested. Parliament—the jury—has been furnished with masses of scrupulously accurate evidence, which no "rhetoric" can

* The phrase of the Government of India in 1919.

disturb. The main data of the Indian problem have been stated as never before, and the jury, if not misdirected, can see clearly that what is called "Dominion Status"—a term the Commission deliberately exclude—would in present conditions be disastrous to the interests of the Indian peoples.

The address of the Viceroy to the Indian Assembly, on July 9 last, is unfortunately calculated to deepen the misconceptions produced by his ill-advised pronouncement last November. Whatever may have been the objects of this momentous political manifesto, the meaning in the minds of all who are now working to destroy British authority and of the so-called Moderates, who see in the Congress Party the inheritors of all power in India, and trim their sails accordingly, has already been made evident. The Commission's Report is to be treated as waste paper. The Government of India is prepared on its own account to go further than Sir John Simon and his colleagues. The Round Table Conference is to supersede all the spade-work laboriously accomplished. An amnesty to all political prisoners is a near possibility, and when this and the concentration of the Conference upon Dominion Status have been conceded, the Congress Party will be willing to be represented in London. Such are some of the illusions gratuitously promoted at a critical moment. Lord Irwin may have wished to placate the implacable and to make amends for "repressive" measures adopted too late; but he has, no doubt unconsciously, added fuel to flames already burning with disastrous effects upon the progress of India.

As the situation now stands, race-hatred is being preached over a large part of India by the propagation of wild falsehoods, such as those employed to inflame the Muslims on the frontier. Murder, violence and insults to Europeans, as well as communal conflicts, are rampant, being encouraged by the belief that British Rule is already dead. Strenuous efforts to corrupt the army have for some time been in progress. Bomb attempts are becoming more frequent. Bolshevist activities second the open hostility of the Congress Party, which formally declared war at Lahore in December last, having previously delivered an ultimatum to the Government. Large numbers of sober-minded Indians are being led to believe that the sceptre has passed from our palsied

hands, and that they must turn towards the rising sun of Swaraj. Even the Princes and Chiefs are assailed with doubts for the future of the Raj. Saddest of all is the fact that we have few friends able to declare themselves. A long course of graceful concessions and of preferential treatment to our enemies has alienated all who have come to believe that they cannot count upon our support. Dangerous forces are thus being generated in India that no fresh instalment of democratic government can lay to rest. The Indian demagogue is raising a storm which he will be powerless to quell. That way lies the peril which dogs all revolutionary movements.

The scheme of the Simon Commission holds the field, and nothing comparable in authority and technical completeness can be evolved. With amendments, directed to safeguard public order and administrative purity—the greatest interests of the Indian peoples—it would be a distinct improvement on the eminently unsatisfactory present regime. The Government of India will, of course, pass judgment upon it; but any further concessions put forward with the futile hope of propitiating avowed enemies should be firmly resisted. The idea that a better and an agreed constitution can be hammered out at a Conference in October, which cannot be really representative, is visionary.

The fate of India will be decided at Westminster; but it depends ultimately upon whether the British people still retain the qualities of a governing race. If India passes out of the control of the only power which can maintain her progress and lead her towards nationhood, she will lapse into chaos deeper and darker than that which followed the fall of the Moghul Empire, and the reactions upon our Empire and the Far East would be catastrophic, while the crash of the *Pax Britannica* would have wide repercussions in foreign countries. In recent years we have plainly shown fear, which among Oriental peoples is always dangerous, and, as our government weakened, our Indian friends dropped away, and disorder and death tended to become chronic. The real issue to-day is not what the letter of the constitution should be, but whether we are prepared again to govern. If not, the efforts of our enemies to make our position impossible will succeed. That is the alternative.

The Referendum

By Andrew Browning, D.Litt.

THE expedient of referring legislative projects to a direct vote by the people has an obvious attraction for those who have supreme faith in the virtues of democracy, or who grow weary of the compromises, the delays, and the seeming futilities of more accepted political methods. If any point of doubt or difficulty arises, it is argued, what could be fairer or more reasonable than to place the matter before the electorate, count the votes on each side, and abide by the decision so obtained? At the expense of very little time and money an immediate settlement can thus be reached of any particular issue, without the intervention of those cross-currents which almost invariably affect the decision at general elections and in Parliament. Each single problem can be taken in isolation, the fate of the Government need not be considered as depending on the result of the vote, and the ordinary bonds of party allegiance can therefore be so far relaxed as to create a genuine non-party atmosphere. Further, as the whole country votes as one unit, the anomalies occasioned at general elections by the existing division into single-member constituencies can be avoided.

Unfortunately this flattering picture of the working of the referendum takes little account either of human nature or of the experience of other countries. A genuine popular decision presupposes a genuine popular vote, and such is the indifference of the average citizen to politics that, where the referendum has been tried, this has proved extremely difficult to obtain. In the excitement of a general election, 70 or 80 per cent. of the electorate may go to the poll; but when a referendum is taken, the percentage rarely rises as high as 60, and not infrequently falls as low as 25. To describe a vote based on any such percentage as a decision of the people is mere playing with words; yet, unless compulsion be applied, with all its attendant disadvantages, the only practicable method of securing a better representation of the electorate would seem to be to summon the party organizations into the field. The anticipated advantage of a non-party vote would then immediately be lost, and

the decision eventually reached would reflect rather the general political outlook of the people than their opinion on the particular point in question.

Quite irrespective of this, however, it is highly doubtful whether a party vote could ever be avoided. It has repeatedly been declared that a Government sending a measure to referendum would not necessarily associate itself with either side, and would not consider itself bound to resign, whatever the decision might be. But it is difficult to believe that in practice any Government would go to the trouble of taking a referendum unless with the object of having some policy of its own put in force, and almost as difficult to believe that it could with credit retain its position if its policy were rejected. Once it was recognized, or even suspected, that the fate of the Government might depend on the result of the referendum, party considerations would almost certainly prevail, and all hope of a clear-cut, non-party vote on an isolated issue would have to be abandoned.

Nor can the argument that the referendum would make it possible to evade the evils of the single-member constituency system of voting be allowed much weight. If that system is indeed productive of undesirable results, as is maintained in some quarters, a proper remedy should immediately be sought, and either the alternative vote or some scheme of proportional representation should be adopted. If, on the other hand, the system is substantially sound, the referendum has no advantage to offer in this connection. The mere fact that existing representative institutions are not the product of the very best system of election can scarcely be regarded as a reason for neglecting them in favour of direct intervention by the people.

Were there nothing more serious to be urged against the referendum, however, than that it does not produce all the advantages claimed for it, a case might still appear to exist for at least an experimental or occasional use of it as a means towards ascertaining the popular will. But with this method of settling political questions are associated very real dangers, which must cause even an occasional use of it to be regarded with apprehension. Chief of these is the danger of an unwise, if not disastrous,

decision. Unpopular though such a view must necessarily be, it should be frankly recognized that the modern electorate of roughly 29,000,000 voters is scarcely competent to decide the questions likely, under this system, to be put before it. Advocates of the referendum habitually assume that these will be simple questions, easily answered by a plain affirmative or negative. In actual fact, however, the simple questions are, and always will be, settled by ordinary methods in Parliament, and only those involving real difficulty are in the least likely to reach the people. Of recent years the referendum has been definitely advocated for two specific purposes. On the one hand, it has been suggested as a means of deciding questions on which the two Houses of Parliament cannot agree; on the other, as a method of reaching a final decision on the allied questions of Protection, Imperial Preference and food taxes. But the tariff problem has now been a matter of acute controversy for more than a generation, and can scarcely be described, even by the most optimistic, as of a simple nature; while matters over which the Houses of Parliament cannot agree are obviously difficult and controversial, or the failure to secure agreement would not have occurred.

In any case, whatever precise view may be taken of its capacity, it can scarcely be denied that the electorate is much less fitted to determine questions of policy than Parliament is. The intelligence and education of the average member of Parliament are infinitely superior to those of the average elector, the time and attention he can devote to politics infinitely greater. In Parliament matters of controversy are thoroughly debated, relevant information of the most reliable character is ready to hand, technical advice from experts can be had for the asking. The ordinary elector has none of these advantages, and, in casting his vote at a referendum, is doing little more than making a shot in the dark. With great justice, indeed, the referendum, which takes the decision out of the hands of Parliament and entrusts it to the electors, has been characterized as "an appeal from knowledge to ignorance." It may seem strange that those who elect Parliament itself should be unfit to decide the individual questions which come before that body, but

the qualifications required for the two tasks are entirely different in character. To vote at a general election little is needed beyond a rough common sense, such as may enable an elector to choose an honest and capable representative of similar political outlook to his own. To vote on details of policy requires real intelligence, education, often a high degree of technical knowledge, and an amount of time for study which the ordinary citizen simply cannot afford.

Moreover, the assumption customarily made that the simple affirmative or negative of the referendum, at least if given with intelligence, must constitute a satisfactory answer is itself entirely mistaken. Political questions can seldom be answered in this way, for compromise is the very essence of politics. The art of statesmanship consists largely, not in deciding that this or that is right or wrong, but in making concessions, accommodating differences, endeavouring to establish agreement, trying always to secure, not the very best, but the best possible. No statesman worthy of the name, finding himself in a majority of one, would dream of forcing his views on a hostile minority. The referendum, however, knows nothing of these things. Compromise, concession, consideration of minorities are alike foreign to it. It thinks only in numbers, and can answer only Yes or No.

Scarcely second in importance to the danger of an unwise decision is the effect which the introduction of the referendum would be bound to have on existing political institutions. By transferring the ultimate responsibility for the determination of difficult questions from the Cabinet and Parliament to the people it would inevitably discredit the former and lower the whole standard of political life. Even under existing conditions, debates in the House of Commons are often sufficiently farcical, for the possession by the Government of a mechanical majority constantly makes the result of the subsequent division a foregone conclusion. But the futility of these debates would be infinitely increased if the final decision did not lie with the House of Commons at all, and it was known that the result of their division might be reversed on an appeal to the electorate. Still worse would the position be if the practice were adopted of submitting to

referendum matters which had not previously been discussed and determined in Parliament. The people would then have to vote completely in the dark, without even the illumination provided by newspaper reports of Parliamentary debates, and the House of Commons, denied the exercise of its chief function, would gradually take its place among the useless and ornamental elements in the constitution.

Under such conditions it is hard to believe that really capable and public-spirited men would continue to enter Parliament. One of the acknowledged reasons for the high standard of political life maintained in this country is the almost unique position of the House of Commons. So high is the reputation of that body, so vast its powers, so great the prizes it has to offer, that it attracts to itself the very best in the land, and forms a reservoir from which the House of Lords, the Ministry and the Cabinet are in turn recruited. But if the House of Commons were reduced to a subordinate position, with its actions subject at any moment to review by the electorate, the whole situation would be altered, and the effect would soon be felt in every department of government. In all probability a new and inferior type of politician would come forward, who, in defiance of British tradition, would follow rather than lead the people, and whose chief aim it would be to shuffle out of all the responsibilities and difficulties of his position, casting them by referendum on the electorate.

Finally, there remains to be considered a very serious practical difficulty in the referendum, to which supporters of that device generally find it convenient to shut their eyes. Granted that some measures ought to be referred from Parliament to the electorate, it still remains to be determined to what electorate they should be referred. The measures which come before the British Parliament are of the most varied character. Some concern the Empire as a whole, some only parts of it; some affect Britain as a whole, others are of importance mainly to England, Scotland, Wales, or smaller localities down to the merest hamlet. In Parliament it is quite practicable to balance imperial, national and local interests, and effect a reasonable compromise; but

as soon as the referendum is suggested, it becomes necessary to decide definitely as between an imperial, national and local electorate, and no satisfactory decision can be made, for no compromise is possible. If, for instance, a Welsh or Scottish measure were referred to the Welsh or Scottish electorate alone, the English people would feel aggrieved, for after all they have some interest in what happens in Wales and Scotland. If, on the other hand, such a measure were referred to the British electorate, the Welsh or Scottish people would feel still more aggrieved, for they would find their small vote completely swamped by that of millions of electors without any vital concern in the matter. The same difficulty might arise with purely English measures, such as bills affecting the Anglican Church. There is little doubt, indeed, that any extensive use of the referendum would immediately revive the Home Rule problem, and that in a much more aggravated form than it has ever yet assumed.

Nothing, perhaps, is better fitted than this last point to illustrate the fallacy underlying most of the support given to the referendum in this country. Because the root idea of that device is so admirably clear and simple, it is not unnaturally assumed that its practical operation must be equally simple. In certain countries, notably Switzerland, where the population is limited and of a more or less homogeneous character, where political problems are such as intimately affect the majority of the inhabitants, or where the electorate reaches such a high level, or the legislators fall to such a low level that there is little difference between them, simplicity has indeed been attained, and the referendum has scored a distinct measure of success. But in Britain, least of all countries in the world, do such conditions prevail. Varied and complicated interests at home unite with still more varied and complicated interests abroad to produce a series of problems almost beyond the competence of parliamentary institutions which have given the lead to the civilized world. The idea that these problems could be better solved by the electorate is no more than a fantastic dream.

Protection without Tariffs

By Professor J. W. Scott

THE long spell of post-war unemployment has worn away masses of economic prejudice and induced a levitation of the public mind which is full of promise and of danger. The firmly fixed belief that Free Trade is necessary to British prosperity has come to be felt as so much dead weight preventing the nation from acting in a crisis. It is being much less refuted than bodily removed before a wave of public feeling, and a whole people is lifted from its moorings in consequence. The recent bankers' manifesto has still further loosened the anchor of British tradition. There is danger lest the nation thus adrift in the dark may begin to strike, in its distress, into random courses, seeking relief where it is not to be found, which way economic chaos lies. But, so far, prejudice is down while demoralization has not yet set in. It is the golden moment for thought. The need of the hour seems to be that we should dispassionately examine this Free Trade in which the nation has trusted, acknowledge frankly that it has both succeeded and failed, see if possible what has interfered with its working, and have courage to shape our course in the light of what was true in it.

For *prima facie* Free Trade has not the aspect of a device which can only be scrapped. Nothing that has been so clearly in the line of the world's advance needs more than a rectifying modification. "Free Trade, or something near it" is a sound demand, and is probably the unspoken feeling of the mass of unreflecting British people. And the conception by help of which they would be likeliest to seek the proper rectification is that of the country's employment. Why has Free Trade, so good at the beginning, resulted in disemploying our people? Why has it degenerated into a mere system of free imports? And how, if we are to keep it or anything near it, are we to guard against this miscarriage?

No doubt unemployment in Britain has not arisen solely because she has been over-importing. The British

worker is losing his work to machines in his own country, as well as to the competitor abroad, and no amendment of Free Trade policy will alter that. The progressive shedding of workers as industrial mechanization advances is the ultimate problem before all nations; and it is so grave that a writer would hardly look well to his own reputation who lightly professed a solution for it. But in Britain the difficulty is certainly aggravated by her habit of buying abroad instead of making for herself. The trouble is not merely that British work, like all work, is being taken over by machines, but that in her case the machines themselves are so often abroad, and the product fetched in to undersell the home article.

Had we understood the nature of the Free Trade which was introduced in the forties, and especially had we understood what happened to it between 1870 and 1875, I believe we should have been less mystified by its having made Britain more and more a foreign-supplied nation, unable not only to export but even to furnish goods for her own home market at competitive prices.

There is infinite discussion about the flooding of Britain with goods of foreign origin. It is generally assumed that, if we do not impose tariffs or prohibitions, we can only in one way remove the menace to employment occasioned thereby. We must contrive—by reducing wages, improving methods, or whatever means are open to us—to sell cheaper than the foreigner does. No one anywhere suggests that it is in our power simply to decline to compete with him. Yet it seems to have been too little noticed that there was a time, under Free Trade, when we were literally not in competition with him and could not be so; and that this lasted throughout the period most legitimately to be called the hey-day of the system, the period from the repeal of the Corn Laws until the whole scene was changed by the events of the early seventies. During that time Britons catering for the home market could only come into competition with Britons, not with the outside world. On this account—although the issue is partly one of definition—there is a good case for saying that Free Trade only lasted till 1873.

The historical argument for this, although not of the essence of the case, has its interest. The events alluded to consisted, of course, in the action first of Germany and then of the other leading commercial nations, in coming on to Britain's money, thereby transforming what had hitherto been virtually a national British currency into an international one. The essential analytical point is the difference which is made when a developed nation such as Britain, having begun Free Trade with a money of its own, continues carrying it on after it has lost that independence.

One need not delay here to ask whether a national money, in confining competition between the citizens of the same country, acts protectively. The only thing worth protecting is freedom. If to protect freedom of trade be protection, then a national money is a protective measure. The point to which not enough attention has been given, the only point worth understanding, is how a national money does ensure trade reciprocity, and so keep competition for home markets ultimately between the citizens of the same country, who work under the same laws, customs and standards of life.

The simple fact that trade with a country having a currency of its own must be reciprocal was thus put, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian Commercial*, by Mr. E. W. Edsall during a recent correspondence on this question. He wrote:—

> Will you allow me to give you my experience as to how I came to see . . . . the difference between a national and an international currency? Some years ago I was concerned with business in what has since become French Morocco. At that time the internal currency of the country was the Moorish silver dollar. My firm exported to that country Lancashire cotton goods, tea, candles, etc. The goods were invoiced to our agent in sterling, but were sold for Moorish dollars. The problem was how our agent was to get back sterling for the goods sold.
>
> There being no English bank in the country at that time, three alternatives were available: (1) to buy a draft from some local merchant who was shipping produce to England . . . but as he required this himself, he could only be induced to part with it at a prohibitive price; (2) to pack up the silver dollars and send them home, but, not being current here or anywhere else but in Morocco, they were useless for our purpose; (3) the only practical way left was for our agent to invest the dollars on the spot in native produce and ship that back here for sale in sterling.

> Morocco's silver currency was at that time a national one. . . . One sudden flash of insight showed me, once for all, the protective power it exerted in the direction of ensuring that sellers to Morocco had to be buyers from it. . . . If Morocco had been on the gold standard, we could have brought back gold for the goods we had exported, and Morocco could have kept her produce for all we might have cared.

The value of this illustration is the clearness with which it shows the difference between the "short-run" causal link connecting importing with exporting, and the "long-run" connection by which importing only causes exporting through first inducing a scarcity of the precious metals, and a general lowering of wages and prices and standard of life. Here was an exporter taking British work to a country where only a national currency was obtainable, and he finds himself compelled to take the work of that country in return. The position of Britain was almost identical with this during the very years when she built up her great ocean commerce. And her difficulties began from the time she lost it. Britain's commercial difficulties are by no means a post-war phenomenon!

The parallel is exact, except that, besides having a money of her own, Britain happened to be, not an obscure and backward State, but the first nation of the world, wielding a power and privilege not enjoyed by almost any nation before her. Fleets of ships brought the peoples of the earth with their goods to her open ports. The only money they could obtain was gold. As money, it was in essentials peculiar to Britain. They were therefore not tempted to take it elsewhere to be spent. There was no particular demand. Had they taken it to Europe, they would indeed—and to some extent they did—find a market. Gold was always needed in the arts, and there was even some limited use for it as money in the few bimetallist countries. But it was a market that would easily be glutted, were any massive diversion of money from England attempted. But when Bismarck and then the other leading nations after him, in silent, rapid succession, adopted gold as a basis for their currencies, they carried out, largely unconsciously, one of the momentous revolutions of history. People noted afterwards how rapidly the manufactures which had just

been beginning in other countries were leaping forward, and attributed it to natural causes. They did not see that, unless Britain stepped off both gold and silver and preserved her unique currency, she must lose her trade. After the change, the incentive to foreign merchants to invest their British earnings in British goods was not only neutralized, it was reversed. Whether money received in Britain would be spent there depended now entirely on what the purchaser wanted to buy. Wages were lower almost everywhere than in Britain. In the average case, therefore, to continue to buy an article in Britain became commercial folly if the plant to produce it were erected anywhere in the world outside.

We are compelled to ask whether Britain's obvious policy at that time be not her true policy still; that is, to re-assert her unique status and decide to buy with a money which can only be finally spent where it is earned. To do this requires no elaborate measure. She only needs to snip the thin bond which, though worn to a precarious thread already, is yet holding her currency fast bound to gold, and through that to all the moneys of the world. Is not her clear duty to release her money and make it once more literally represent her own goods, as on all theoretical grounds it should do?

At a moment when the gold of the world is fast ceasing to function, and when attempts to make it function by *force majeure* are threatening to produce vast convulsive movements of which no one knows the meaning or sees the end, it surely behoves Britain for her own safety to leave that sort of money severely alone and set the example of trading simply in her own goods. If British notes were issued for use in Britain, without any reference to gold and with the single purpose of making their purchasing power in Britain steady, it is clear that these mere paper units, devoid of gold equivalent, would appear in other countries merely as so much merchandise to be sold, like British commodities themselves, at their market value. The nation's money would only be of use for buying its goods, and therefore would sell like its goods. These have no fixed price and neither would it. On the other hand, as they habitually find their level and sell at a fairly steady price in stable countries, so

would it also. It would be steady, however, of its own accord and not because mechanically fixed. It would therefore be safe. The two kinds of steadiness are *toto coelo* different. The contrast is like that between the steadiness of a cycle free-wheeling down a hill and the artificial steadiness of one running down a tramway-track. The one is self-righting; the other is externally held and is heading for disaster. The country, having its commercial relations continuously self-righting, could not go on overbuying and underselling until she overset herself. The condition which now permits her to do so would be removed—namely, that, while her foreign trade fluctuates, the foreign price of her money remains fixed.

If the country's money is peculiar to itself and sells abroad purely as a commodity, the British manufacturer can thenceforth have no rivals in the home market except his own countrymen, even when the country's ports are free. Suppose a Belgian firm, taking advantage of the freedom, has succeeded in offering lower than a British firm for steel rails, the buyers being a home railway. The sequence of events, roughly and in principle, would be as follows. The foreign firm obtains the contract, delivers the goods, and receives, say, 9,000 British pounds. The money acquired by Belgium, we may say for the sake of clearness, is taken there. It has to be sold; and no matter how often it is re-sold, it must eventually come home to purchase £9,000 worth of British goods, say, British furniture. The real rivals of the home foundry are the furniture makers in its own country—we may even say, for effect, in its own town. They are the people who have really captured the railway's order. The reason the steel founder lost it was that £9,000 could be given to furniture-making in Britain, and sent out as furniture to fetch in the same rails as £10,000 would provide, spent directly on making them. What the steel founder has to keep abreast of is the progress of his own country. It is only the progress of his own country he is feeling, in the competition of the Belgian. How small a wage engineers work for in Belgium, or for that matter in India or China, is irrelevant to him. For the home market he is not in competition with any foreign firm. Not even the Indian or Chinese house, paying its workers

"as many pence as the British workman requires shillings," is in any way a competitor of his in the home market. The question is not what the foreign firm pays its people, but what British pounds are worth to it. Can it or can it not pay its workmen for filling this order out of the stock of Belgian or Indian money it obtains for £9,000 worth of British goods? The competition is within Britain, not between India and Britain or between Belgium and Britain. Under international money it is entirely otherwise. The Indian and the British firms are now competing for grains of gold. The question is, Which can produce rails for fewest of those? And at once the Indian, with his low wages and modern works, has the advantage overwhelmingly.

Under national money the progress a home firm must keep up with, we have said, is home progress. There being no tariff, he must keep up with that. But he is not in a headlong race for life against all the world. Tariffs and international money thus represent complementary fallacies. Tariffs tend to secure orders to home firms, whether they are abreast of progress in their own country or not. Free Trade on international money allows the least developed country to set the pace for the whole industrial world. There can be little doubt that Free Trade marked a stage in human evolution to go back upon which would be regression. But the corollary of all Free Trade is a money peculiar to the nation that is freely trading. If Empire Free Trade is ever tried, it must go with Empire money.

Briefly, then, the two main rivals which are taking away the British worker's employment are (a) lower-standard peoples abroad, and (b) the machines at home. The British worker shares the machines' difficulty with all the world, and of the two it is much the harder to tackle. But the other difficulty is especially British, and, in so far as the competition is for the home market, it is as essentially easy to set right as it was to put wrong. It is the fruit of a rectifiable mistake, although of one far too long unrectified. The mistake was made, not when Britain opened her ports and let in foreign competition—so long as it was fair competition, she only flourished—but when, over and above that, she allowed foreign

countries on to her money without noticing that she must save her position by stepping off. The unitary money system which spread to certain countries in the seventies now embraces all. There is but one money in the world. All firms are caught in the one world-wide race, trying which can produce for fewest grains of gold. The world, instead of being a number of healthy, spontaneous, freely reciprocating centres, is one vast *mêlée*. Moreover, it is a *mêlée* in which the dice are loaded against the advanced nation. Britain should never have been in this atrocious competition, and she should come out. It is not in the nature of things that she can win in it, with her high standards. Even if she were willing to sacifice these, less developed peoples always are able to sacrifice a little more — and it need only be a little. As for rationalization, they can copy methods as fast as we can invent them. The truth is, Britain sits isolated in a world armed with all her industrial machinery, and in the main less developed than herself. Yet her true course is not to confront the infinite trouble and impossible task of trying to shut out their competition piecemeal, by instituting a whole series of separate barriers against their various products, a series of artificial sluices which must always leak, which can never be properly effective and which, so far as they are effective, can only hit herself by depriving her of the advantage of progress. To do that is merely to turn back the hands of the clock. Her course is to pick up her missed step, and regain the road of progress which she was on. It is a simple, easy course—namely, to disconnect her notes from gold, making them purely paper units of no validity outside Britain, but of steady purchasing power there, thus making British money sell abroad at a price determined, as it should be, by supply and demand, and not by purchasing-power-parity only.

I do not know how far such a proposal for protection without tariffs may find favour with the more analytical section of economic reformers. But they ought not to repudiate it, as with very little modification they might regard it as being simply their own proposal. I believe that either to disconnect the note issue from the gold reserve or to allow the Bank of England to vary its price

for gold, to "compensate" the dollar or "compensate" the pound, is to take a step which, followed to its logical conclusion, would end in national money. The ultimate effect of these measures is to unpeg the exchanges, and so allow the price of a nation's money abroad to fall and rise in full proportion as the volume of work it imports from the world falls and rises. And this is the essence of national money.

There is, perhaps, no way of securing a radical thought against misunderstanding, if it be unfamiliar, except presenting it from a sufficient number of different angles. I can only indicate in a concluding word how Britain's tragic, but wholly unnoticed loss in the seventies, of the considerable protection afforded her till then by her money units, is connected with her long, losing battle against commercial adversity since, by relating it to the familiar conception of balance in trade. The mischief of having a money which is not the exclusive symbol of our own goods—or of having lost one which was largely so—is that the two, money and goods, have fallen disconnected. The country's incoming and its outgoing stream of money does and must balance. But since the money and the goods of the country, the symbol and the thing symbolized, have fallen apart, the "necessary balance" of trade has become a formula, without concrete significance. What obstinately and infallibly "balance" are the two streams of money; but what are required to balance, from the point of view of the employment of the country, are the incoming and outgoing streams of work. The way to get them to do so is to operate with a money which, being virtually British goods, ensures a goods-balance when it itself—as it always must—balances.

China: The New "Red" Terror

By J. O. P. Bland

THERE has been a good deal in the Press of late with regard to the growing menace of Communist "Red" armies and "Soviet" districts, south of the Yangtsze, of labour unions and peasant leagues, united under arms against the government of the Kuomintang at Nanking. For want of a better label, the name of Communist will probably continue to be applied to these new elements of disorder in the stricken field of Chinese politics, but it would be well if it were more generally understood that nowhere in China is there any thing that corresponds with the type of social organization known as Communism in Europe, even in Russia. General Chiang Kia-shek, the astute leader of the Kuomintang Government, now finds it politic to brand as Communists all those who challenge his authority. In so doing, he trusts, no doubt, to the short memory of the world at large, for it is only four years ago that he and his chief supporters were self-declared Communists of the reddest Moscow type and avowed world revolutionaries. Having won his way to the Yangtsze and to power with the aid of Russian money, propaganda and munitions, and having become a capitalist himself in the process, it was quite in accordance with the elementary principles of Chinese statecraft that he should give Comrade Borodin his *congé*, and proceed to declare a war of extermination against all Reds. In other words, when he called himself a Communist, he did it for definite political purposes, in the same way that Sun Yat-sen and Marshal Feng saw fit. at certain stages of their respective careers, to profess and call themselves Christians. These are merely orthodox, everyday expedients of civil-war politics, which every Chinese understands, but which are all too frequently misinterpreted abroad.

The two Chinese hieroglyphics which figure on the Red Armies' flags, to express the idea of Communism, simply mean "Divide Property." In a country where three quarters of the population live habitually on the verge of the hunger-line, and where, for the past ten years, the peasantry have been driven desperate by the crafts of officialdom and the assaults of bandits, a slogan

of this kind could hardly fail to attract large numbers of the countless victims of misrule. Even in times of peace, there exists in every district of China a lawless element always ready to support any malcontent leader who holds out promises of dividing other people's property for their benefit. But neither their methods nor their objectives have any real connection with the commonly-accepted principles of Communism. The benefits which they seek to derive from the redistribution of wealth are not, like those envisaged by Mr. Snowden, social conceptions; they begin and end, quite frankly, with the individual and his family. There is, in fact, no place for Communism in the Chinese social system, nor any likelihood that the economic doctrines of Karl Marx will become popular there, for many generations to come.

But by whatever name we choose to call them, these "Red" armies, which have been rapidly gaining strength and extending their "Soviet" authority in six of the southern and central provinces, are undoubtedly a fact, a new and disturbing feature of a situation which was already serious enough. According to recent reports, these forces, united in revolt against the Nanking Government, consist of peasant armies, varying in strength from 5,000 to 50,000 men. Behind them, waging war against authority and property, are bodies of malcontent students and industrial workers, in addition to the usual bands of freebooters, whose range of activity and impunity appears to be steadily increasing. Judging from reports recently communicated to the Press at Shanghai, by merchants, missionaries and native correspondents in the interior, the movement resembles in many ways the beginnings of the Taiping rebellion. The rapidity with which it is acquiring momentum is primarily due, no doubt, to the fact that the attention of the Government and its military forces have for some months been concentrated on the campaign against the coalition of the northern war-lords. Regarded, however, in the light of Chinese history (largely a record of rebellions), this *levée en masse* of the peasantry seems to indicate a definite conviction in the mind of the masses that existence, under the desperate conditions to which they have been reduced, has become unendurable, and

that the Government responsible for these conditions, having manifestly forfeited the mandate of Heaven, may rightly be overthrown. True, the organization and political slogans of these peasant armies bear unmistakable evidence of Bolshevik origin and inspiration, but those who conclude from this fact that Russian influence is likely to become a paramount or permanent factor in Chinese affairs will assuredly err, even as they did in 1927. Moscow is probably under no such delusion. The work which the Soviet's agents are doing in stirring up strife is justified from their point of view, in so far as it inflicts considerable injury on Great Britain's commercial and other interests, and because the intensification of unrest in China is bound to react throughout all Asia, as well as in the Chinese communities in British colonies and overseas, in ways which can be made to serve the ends of world-revolution. Russia is, in fact, merely availing herself once more of the opportunities with which the chaotic misrule of China so often provides her. But this fact does not affect the point which I wish to emphasize, namely, that the spectacle of large numbers of the peasantry enrolling themselves under the banners of this or that insurgent leader is nothing new in the history of China. In times such as these, as in those of the Taiping rebellion, it is, for most of them, the only possible alternative to starvation.

A fact which is frequently overlooked in connection with these movements is that, at such times, every Chinese leader of an armed force, howsoever small, regards himself (and herein history justifies him) as the possible founder of a new dynasty, or at least of an independent satrapy. In "The Chinese and Their Rebellions," Meadows gives the following account of the origins of the Taiping rebel princes, which applies in all essentials to the various "militarist" chieftains who, for the last twenty years, have been struggling for supremacy:

> A man, originally a mere thief, burglar or highwayman, whose sole object was the indiscriminate plunder of all who were unable to guard against him, finds it possible, in the state of general apathy to public order, produced by continued oppression, to connect himself with a few fellow-thieves, &c., and at their head to evade all efforts of the local authorities to put him down. As his band increases, he openly defies these authorities, pillages the local custom-houses and treasuries,

levies a tax on passing merchandise, and a blackmail from the wealthier residents, but refrains from plundering anyone outright, and while, by exempting the great bulk of the population from all exactions, he prevents the rise of a general ill-feeling against him, he, as the scourge of the oppressors, gains the latent or conscious sympathy of all classes. Now, these captains of bandits, whatever their origin, do not, it is true, while their followers amount merely to a few hundreds, choose to make themselves ridiculous by issuing dynastic manifestoes or assuming the state of royalty. But when they begin to count their followers by thousands, forming a regularly governed force, they declare openly against the hitherto reigning sovereign, whom they denounce as a usurper. And from the very first, when merely at the head of a small band, no Chinese acquainted with the history of his country can refuse to see in such a man a possible, if not probable, founder of a dynasty. More than one Chinese dynasty has been founded by men like this.

Viewed in this light, the new "Red" armies, now gathering in the southern and central provinces, are normal symptoms of the increasing demoralization of the Chinese body politic. They are actually no more "Red," in the Muscovite sense of the word, than the forces of the "Model" Tuchun of Shansi, or those of the "Christian" General; and their ultimate object is precisely the same as that of those persistent warriors, namely, to resist, and, if possible, to overthrow, the authority of the "usurper" Chiang Kai-shek, and to collect the public revenues in his stead. In other words, Chiang Kai-shek and his "Three Principles" have failed to convince the nation that the Kuomintang Central Committee is fitted to exercise the power which it claims. Herein lies the real significance of these new gatherings of armed forces, which, taking Nanking in the rear, threaten to reduce to vanishing point its claim to be able to produce the stable and effective government for which the nation waits. In that event, and failing foreign intervention, Chinese history is likely to repeat itself on one or other of several ancient models, either by the definite separation of North from South, or by a revival of the "Three Kingdoms" or the "Five Dynasties" of the remote past. From which latter systems, be it observed, the existing state of affairs differs in reality less than on the diplomatic surface appears.

The Palestine Dilemma

By W. H. Stoker, K.C.

ENGLISHMEN have had during the month of June the edifying experience of seeing their country, as the Mandatory Power for Palestine, undergo a species of arraignment at the Bar of the Permanent Mandates' Commission as regards her stewardship of the trust conferred on her by the League of Nations, and this on the prosecution of Arabs and Jews alike, though from opposing standpoints. It is true that the actual prosecutors were not present at the trial, but a volume of indictments, including a long and detailed attack by the Zionist Executive, and especially the Zionist Revisionists on the Report of the Palestine Commission of Inquiry, had been circulated, and members of the Mandates' Commission thus primed extensively by the prosecutors. To confess the truth, Great Britain is, as she always has been, in a dilemma as regards this tutelage of Palestine, by reason of the conflicting claims of Arabs and Jews. Indeed, the latter speak on behalf of the whole of Jewry, and there are signs in the offing that the Arabs are going to have the active support of the whole Moslem world. The claims of the Arabs arise not merely on their interpretation of the Mandate and the Covenant of the League of Nations, but on events preceding these—that is to say, on the promises of independence made to them by Great Britain so far back as 1916, and repeated more than once.

In the statement with regard to British Policy in Palestine* made by the British Accredited Representative to the Mandates' Commission, issued by Lord Passfield in advance on May 19 last, and supplemented by Dr. Drummond Shiels' further statements to the Commission, reference was made appropriately at page 5 to the observations recorded by the Permanent Mandates' Commission (in November 1924) on the first report on the administration of Palestine that came under their examination. The Commission then remarked:—

> Whereas all the other Mandates, the application of which they had hitherto examined, were only intended to give effect to the general

* Cmd. 3582.

principles of Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Mandate for Palestine was " of a more complex nature," in that it imposed upon the Mandatory Power a " two-fold duty," viz., that of promoting a national home for the Jewish people, in addition to that of administering the country in conformity with the interests of the population as a whole. The result, as the Commission pointed out, was to create a " conflict of interests " between which the balance had to be held.

These observations, which rather understate the complexity in that the duty secondly named is in the nature of a governing proviso rather than an addition, still hold good. To use the words of Lord Passfield's Statement, " The conflict of interest remains, and the task of holding the balance has certainly not decreased in difficulty." The same Statement cites shortly the Balfour Declaration, but it will be convenient to reproduce the whole of this here:—

Foreign Office,
November 2, 1917.

Dear Lord Rothschild,

I have much pleasure in conveying to you, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations, which has been submitted to and approved by the Cabinet:—

" His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

I should be glad if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

Both Lord Passfield's Statement and the observations of the Mandates' Commission in 1924 would appropriately have been amplified by quoting also the provisions of Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which are incorporated in the first and opening preamble to the Mandate for Palestine, but which there appears to be a tendency to overlook. The first preamble is that the Mandate is given for the purpose of giving effect to the provision of Article 22 of the Covenant of

the League of Nations and is really dominating, the second preamble being to the effect that the principal Allied Powers "have also agreed that the Mandatory shall be responsible for putting into effect the Balfour Declaration." The parts of Article 22 which are referred to in the first preamble and really constitute the trust deed of the League of Nations for the conquered territories, including Palestine, are as follows:—

To those colonies and territories which, as a consequence of the late war, have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples forms a sacred trust of civilization, and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this covenant.

The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who, by reason of their resources, their experience, or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as Mandatories on behalf of the League.

The character of the Mandate must differ according to the stage of the development of the people, the geographical situation of the territory, its economic conditions, and other similar circumstances.

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

In every case of mandate, the Mandatory shall render to the Council an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge.

The degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the Mandatory shall, if not previously agreed upon by the members of the League, be explicitly defined in each case by the Council.

A permanent Commission shall be constituted to receive and examine the annual reports of the Mandatories and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates.

The Mandates relating to the communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have been classified as and termed "A" Mandates,* and that for Palestine is one of these. It will be noted that the "Balfour Declaration" (made in November, 1917) is not referred to in, and is entirely absent from, the Covenant (entered into in

* "The Colonial Service," by Sir Anton Bertram, pp. 250-261.

1919). Its omission is material when considering the true meaning and scope, as originally intended, of the Balfour Declaration, because of the wording of another Article, Article 20, of the Covenant:—

> The members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagement inconsistent with the terms thereof.
>
> In case any member of the League shall, before becoming a member of the League, have undertaken any obligations inconsistent with the terms of this Covenant, it shall be the duty of such member to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligations.

The Arabs allege that the Balfour Declaration was such, because the interpretation of the national home as indicated by the Mandate involves provisions which must infallibly in course of time change the whole nature and position of the "community" (if Palestine is taken as one community) "formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire which had reached a stage of development where its existence as an independent nation could be provisionally recognized."

The observations of the Permanent Mandates' Commission quoted above, and the official statement of the Government of Great Britain issued on May 13 last (see *The Times* of May 14) in reference to the Arab Delegation's demands that a democratic government should be set up in Palestine in which all the inhabitants would have a share in proportion to their number—"that the sweeping constitutional changes demanded by them were wholly unacceptable, since they would render it impossible for His Majesty's Government to carry out their obligations under the Mandate"—certainly seem to indicate that the Balfour Declaration as interpreted and given effect to by the Mandate was an obligation inconsistent with Article 22 of the Covenant.

But there is apparently a diversity of opinion, even amongst Jews and Zionists, as to the meaning of "a national home for the Jewish people," both as used originally in the Balfour Declaration and in the Mandate. The Executive of the Zionist Organization, on June 18, 1922, by letter of that date to the Secretary of State for

the Colonies, Mr. Churchill, in reply to his letter to the organization dated June 3, 1922, enclosing a copy of a statement by the Secretary of State as to British policy in Palestine, informed the latter that the organization had passed this resolution:—

> The Executive of the Zionist Organization, having taken note of the statement relative to British policy in Palestine, transmitted to them by the Colonial Office under date June 3, 1922, assure His Majesty's Government that the activities of the Zionist Organization will be conducted in conformity with the policy therein set forth.

The Statement of British Policy in Palestine above referred to contained *inter alia* the following passage:—

> The tension which has prevailed from time to time in Palestine is mainly due to apprehensions which are entertained both by sections of the Arab and by sections of the Jewish population. These apprehensions, so far as the Arabs are concerned, are partly based upon exaggerated interpretations of the meaning of the Declaration favouring the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine, made on behalf of His Majesty's Government on November 2, 1917.* Unauthorized statements have been made to the effect that the purpose in view is to create a wholly Jewish Palestine. Phrases have been used such as that Palestine is to become "as Jewish as England is English." His Majesty's Government regard any such expectation as impracticable and have no such aim in view. Nor have they at any time contemplated, as appears to be feared by the Arab Delegation, the disappearance or the subordination of the Arabic population, language or culture in Palestine. They would draw attention to the fact that the terms of the Declaration referred to do not contemplate that Palestine as a whole should be converted into a Jewish national home, but that such a home should be founded *in Palestine*.

Now there are sections of Jews and of Zionists who, notwithstanding the letter of the Zionist Organization in June 1922, before referred to, do not now accept the Statement given above. For instance, the *Jewish Chronicle*, which styles itself "The Organ of British Jewry," in a leading article in its issue of June 13, 1930, on "Major Policy," referring to Dr. Shiels' statement, writes:—

> He (Dr. Shiels) says that Great Britain means to be true to its trust. But at the same time he announces that its view of its duty is confined to assisting Jews to establish a "home" in Palestine. "Efforts must be made," were his exact words, "to see that Jews throughout the world know that it was a Jewish home in Palestine, and not a Jewish State, that the Mandatory Power had undertaken to

* Cmd. 1700.

advance." This, we contend, is an absolute repudiation of the purposes of the Mandate, which cannot be covered or modified by words professing a determination to respect it and abide by its provisions. A moment's consideration will show this, for the wording of the Mandate leaves the matter in no reasonable doubt. It does not speak of a " Jewish home," but of a national home for the Jewish people—something, call it State or, as we always have preferred, Commonwealth, which signifies political domination by those comprised in it.

The negotiations which preceded the final settlement of the form and wording of the Mandate were in keeping with the aspirations expressed in the *Jewish Chronicle* article, and, whatever the resolution enclosed in the Zionist Executive's letter of June 18, 1922, may have expressed, there can be little doubt that there always has been a fundamental idea on the part of Zionists of carving a Jewish State or Commonwealth out of the Balfour Declaration. But it is difficult to see how as a practical matter Palestine could be split up into two separate political communities, an Arab and a Jewish, each with a separate national existence, and necessarily an appropriate division of territories, unless the Jewish territorial nationality were confined to towns like Telaviv and the old Jewish colonies, as on the basis of the actual situation in 1917, when the Balfour Declaration was made. The Jewish population was at that time small compared with what it has become and, with the exception of Telaviv and the old Jewish colonies, was scattered and distributed about Palestine amongst a predominating Arab population.

It will be useful here to inquire into the general principles underlying the Mandates contemplated by the Covenant, because they have a bearing on the method adopted by Great Britain to give effect to the Palestine Mandate. Much has been written about these principles by competent authorities, but it is conceived as quite clear that non-annexation by the conquering powers, and a trusteeship for the inhabitants of the conquered territories, as referred to in Article 22 of the Covenant, were basic and fundamental principles. British statesmen had throughout the war repeatedly announced that their aims were confined to the restoration of Belgium and Serbia and the liberation of oppressed peoples. In January, 1917, the Allies' reply to President Wilson's

Note of December 18, 1916, mentioned as among war aims "the setting free of the populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks." In Mr. Balfour's despatch in the same month and year to the Government of the United States, through the British Ambassador at Washington, commenting on the Allies' Note, he wrote concerning Turkey, "Evidently the interests of peace and the claims of nationality alike require that Turkish rule over alien races shall, if possible, be brought to an end." In December 1917, the Russian delegates (Principles of Brest-Litovsk), before treating for peace, postulated no annexations and the political independence of peoples conquered during the war. In Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the Trade Union Congress on January 5, 1918, announcing our aims of self-determination, he said, "Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine are in our judgment entitled to recognition of their separate national conditions." In January 1918, President Wilson included among his Fourteen Points:—

(12) The Turkish portion of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life, *and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development.*

These were the guiding principles intended to be given effect to by Article 22 of the Covenant, and safeguarded by Article 20. Coming now to the precise position of mandatories, much has been written on this subject, and there are divergent theories, official and unofficial. One unofficial theory is that the sovereignty ceded by the Central Powers to the Allies was transferred immediately by them in Article 22 of the Covenant to the people under mandate, who at present occupy the position of minors under tutelage, with the Mandatories as trustees responsible to the League of Nations. (Albert Millet, Stoyomosky.) But the usual and, it is believed, the official conception of mandatory sovereignty, frequently expounded by Lord Lugard, Professor Rappard, and other authorities, is that sovereignty belonged to the principal Allied and Associated Powers, which, under Article 22 of the Covenant, made a double delegation of it:—(1) To the Mandatory States as the administrators

of a system defined as "tutelage," the tutelage being exercised by them as Mandatories on behalf of the League, and (2) to the Council of the League as supervisor and guarantor of the observance of the mandates, defining the degree of authority, and administration exercised by the Mandatories.

If one thing emerges clearly, it is that in any case in the territories in Asia formerly belonging to and conquered from Turkey, including Palestine, there was to be no annexation by any of the conquering powers, and that their position and that of the League of Nations and of the mandatory was one of trusteeship and tutelage. This being so, and the Mandate for Palestine having been conferred on Great Britain, it is submitted that it is open to grave doubt whether the initial legislation by Great Britain by Order-in-Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, 1890, was wise or appropriate or even correct. It has been assumed and even postulated* that there lay ready to hand for all purposes a perfect instrument in the power of the Crown—i.e. of Great Britain—to issue Orders in Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act; that under an international agreement confirmed by the League of Nations, Great Britain possessed "jurisdiction" within each of the mandatory territories assigned to her, and that she was therefore entitled, under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act to regulate the jurisdiction in the same manner as though she had acquired Palestine by conquest or cession of territory. But with great respect for the views of the learned author of the work cited, it is suggested that this pronouncement is open to doubt. The powers conferred on Great Britain by the League of Nations and the Mandate were of a special international and designated character. Could they be enlarged, by virtue of the British Foreign Jurisdiction Act, so as to permit Great Britain to legislate "in the same and as ample a manner as if His Majesty had acquired that jurisdiction by the cession or conquest of territory"?† The writer conceives not, and that the appropriate and correct method of legislation would have been the framing of an organic law by the Council

* "The Colonial Service," by Sir Anton Bertram, p. 252.

† Foreign Jurisdiction Act 1890. Sec. 1.

of the League of Nations. It is true that Article 1 of the Mandate gives the mandatory "full powers of legislation," and therefore purports to have delegated the task to the mandatory. But authority for delegation of legislation is absent from the provisions of Article 22 of the Covenant, which only refers to the "*degree of authority, control or administration* to be exercised by the mandatory, . . . and to be defined in each case by the Council." Resort to an Order-in-Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act may have been extremely convenient, especially as such Order-in-Council, like many departmental or bureaucratic orders, would have effect as if enacted in the Act itself (Sec. 11 of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act). The Foreign Jurisdiction Act primarily applied to Court Jurisdiction, and there is not a word in it about setting up constitutions, administrations, and executive functions. But by a series of Orders-in-Council since its date, constitutions, administrations, and legislatures have, in the course of years, been set up, mostly in African Protectorates, which orders have now become actually parts of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act. Thus, no doubt, the idea arose that this might be a convenient method of dealing with Palestine under the Mandate. The Palestine Order-in-Council, 1922, in fact set up a constitution for Palestine which was not that contemplated by Article 22 of the Covenant, but was a species of quasi-Crown-Colony government, and it set up a legislature as well as administration of a similar kind and of a comprehensive character. It was succeeded by further Orders-in-Council, and as the Arab community would not accept the Legislative Council proposed to be set up by the first Order-in-Council, these gave legislative powers to the High Commissioner. Many debatable ordinances have been passed under such powers.

It is conceived that this procedure as applied to Palestine under the special Mandate conferred by the League of Nations was at least inappropriate and unwise. It was likely, too, to give the impression to the inhabitants of the country concerned and others that it contemplated ultimate annexation to His Majesty's dominions. The strategic position of Palestine would be bound to lend colour to that view, which has been freely expressed and

used to the detriment of Great Britain's reputation for honesty of purpose. From this aspect the passage in the final statement made by Dr. Shiels to the Mandates' Commission according to the official communiqué issued on June 9 as to the policy to be pursued by the British Government, that "the principles governing British policy in the British dependencies were peculiarly suitable for Palestine" was unfortunate.

It will be seen from all these considerations that on basic points our dilemma in Palestine has many horns of a formidable kind. Under Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations the Council of the League may refer to the Permanent Court of International Justice matters for an advisory opinion on any question. As the whole position is beset with doubts and difficulties such as those indicated above, a reference to the Court of International Justice might afford a welcome alternative to continuous disputes and clashes on fundamental questions, and lead to an opinion being given of the highest authoritative value, and one which, it is to be hoped, would be finally accepted by all so far as such questions are concerned.

It will be asked whether there is not some other or further feasible solution of the dilemma. The reply is that the preliminary questions as indicated are fundamental, and first require elucidation and answer. It is not known at the moment of writing what will be the nature of the Report of the Permanent Mandates' Commission to the Council of the League of Nations, but it seems likely that it will be based on an imperfect and disputed groundwork of fundamentals, and probably also repeat the somewhat sketchy and faulty recital of the duty of the Mandatory which was contained in their observations in 1924, noted at the beginning of this article.

The true position under the Mandate is set out far more correctly in Lord Passfield's statement to the deputation from the Deputies of British Jews, which waited on him on July 2, i.e., "That the Mandate did not envisage the establishment of a Jewish State, only of a Jewish national home in Palestine consistently with the maintenance of the position and rights of the Arab population."

Germany After the Hague

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

ALTHOUGH there has been no marked material change for the better in Germany—and in some directions the situation appears to be worse than it was a year ago—there is on the whole a healthier atmosphere for the cultivation of those good features which have hitherto been unable to show themselves for lack of favourable conditions. In Berlin, one is tempted to look on the black side of everything, and it is the fashion to do so, but it does not take long to discover that there is a bright side to the picture, although it possibly does not appear so bright to Germans as to others.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to Germany during these days following the Hague Conferences is the fact that finance dominates the whole German people from the highest official to the humblest artisan. In the hotels, in the restaurants, in the cafés, and in the family circle, money, debts, taxation, and credit are almost the only topics of conversation. Even the Rhineland evacuation is seldom mentioned in Berlin, although Germans are fully alive to the value of the Allied withdrawal as well as to the part played by Great Britain in helping to bring the "Occupation" to an end. The capital is rather dead, and economy is practised among Germans of all stations of life. The large hotels and restaurants have a half-empty appearance; only foreigners frequent the tourist bureaux; and the attractive Swiss and Riviera advertisements make little appeal to the Berliner. It is only in the cheaper and more popular cafés that business seems to be as usual. Indeed, it is now beyond question that any signs of luxury and spending which may be noticeable in the German capital are not of German origin, and that foreigners are doing more than their share to keep Berlin on its feet. During the past year Germany has passed through a period of great economic difficulty, and she now has to face another phase which may be still more burdensome. If a year ago the Germans felt that there was nothing to look forward to, they are now faced with a positive certainty with regard to their obligations, although the future is fogged when they try to work out how these obligations

are to be met in the present economic state of the country. Although there is a general feeling that the Young Plan will work, it is almost impossible as yet to find any firm foundation on which to base future prospects. At the Reichsbank I found an atmosphere of general uncertainty, and the director with whom I talked gave me the impression that everything there was in the "melting-pot."

The present bad financial position is due to a series of causes extending back for a period of years. It is chiefly due to excessive expenditure during the inflation period; to the application, with the reparations' settlement in view, of the principle that it is better to spend than to save, and thereby increase Germany's capacity to pay; and to the general capacity for spending of the Socialists (not confined to Germany), and of such other political parties as are under trade union influence. Indeed, circumstances have made the Germans believe in converting their money into some other form of asset to safeguard it against depreciation or disappearance in the settlement of the country's debts.

The Government of the Reich and of the smaller States have suffered from the same disease. While the Finance Ministry has employed a large number of experts to devise means of taxation, there has been insufficient control over the expenditure of the sums so acquired. There has been no one to question expenditure and to see that the ministerial budgets were not exceeded; and the Ministry has carried out its fiscal policy without adequate knowledge of what was going to become of the money. But, while undoubtedly there was extravagance generally, made possible by American loans, especially in the smaller States and municipalities, the financial difficulties of the Reich Government are due more to faulty than to excessive expenditure. There is now, however, every assurance that this will be rectified. While hitherto the Reich has had sufficient funds from American loans for the needs of the various departments of the administration, it is now necessary to exert so much economy all round that procedure is exceedingly difficult. The American financial situation surrounding the Wall Street crash has certainly had its effect, as American money stopped coming to Germany. With

little private capital in the country and no foreign capital coming in, Germany is financially in a very unhappy position; but the fact that the Germans are facing a real, and not an artificial, position cannot but be a source of satisfaction to those who wish to see Germany recover on sound lines. For Germans the prospect is unpleasant, but it certainly has its merits.

That lack of capital should have serious consequences in the internal affairs of the country is only to be expected. Although large industrial concerns have no difficulty in obtaining moderate terms from the large banking houses, which are perfectly sound, there have been a large number of "bank smashes" among the smaller financial houses, which are not "banks" at all in the British sense of the term, and small firms find great difficulty in obtaining the credit for which they have to pay high rates. A large part of German business is, therefore, crippled with a consequent high rate of unemployment, which the Government have to meet with unemployment doles—a further demand on the State resources, already faced with reparations' payments and making ends meet in a country drained of capital. The future is certainly obscure. The people know what they have to pay in reparations, but there is still the uncertainty of how all these obligations and essential expenditure are going to be met with the foreign market practically closed. This uncertain future is a dominating and depressing feature of Germany to-day, and when to this is added the growing Communist influence, inspired from Moscow, which is penetrating the country even to the municipalities of the smaller towns, the outlook is far from alluring. But, if the situation in Germany itself is bad and Russia is making the most of the opportunity, satisfaction is to be derived from the fact that Russo-German relations are becoming cooler as every day passes. The Reich Government now realize the failure of their Russian policy, begun at Rapallo and carried on by the late Count Brockdorff-Rantzau as German Ambassador in Moscow; so that, as far as the present at any rate is concerned, the question of a Russo-German alliance need not be taken seriously, although it is always a possibility that cannot be easily dismissed.

While the change which has taken place in Russo-

German relations is partly due to the ever-recurring incidents of harsh treatment towards German nationals in Russia and the perpetual influence of Soviet propaganda in the German Communist party, it is also due to the strong disinclination of the Germans to risk any more experiments in Russia, especially at a time when their financial resources are not strong, and to a gradual appreciation of the fact that money invested in Russia might better be given to some deserving charity. But perhaps the most important reason of all is to be found in the fact that Locarno has recently assumed a new complexion, and that there is no longer the same necessity for Germany to seek the friendship of Russia in order to avoid isolation. It has been said that Germany's Russian policy was prompted by a desire to attract the Western Powers, and that she adopted the only course open to her at the time. If this be so, it looks either as if she had succeeded in her attempt, or as if Germany did not wait long enough for Great Britain and France to show their hand, and befriended Russia rather precipitately at Rapallo. Anyhow, as the latter part of this article will show, the Locarno situation with regard to Germany has now so changed that there is no longer any *raison d'être* for Germany to resort to such extremes as making friends with Bolshevists. For this reason the Comintern (in other words, the Soviet Government) are exerting every effort to cause trouble in a country where the general situation is already bad. Communism is certainly a factor to be reckoned with in Germany to-day, although the Government are fully alive to the danger and are taking adequate measures to keep it in check.

If the difficulties of Germany are great, there is scarcely any nation more capable of coping with them. The German capacity for work is one of the greatest national assets, and the rising generation of young Germans is morally and physically stronger than that which preceded it. Sport is playing an ever-increasing part in the physical health of the nation, although it is unlikely ever to exceed sensible limits and become a time-wasting nuisance, as it has already become to some extent in this country. The "Youth Movement" is directing the energies of young men and women into channels where their minds and bodies may develop for the

good of the country, and healthy recreation is encouraged, while amusements, such as night life, beer-drinking and excessive smoking, are discouraged as impairing mental initiative and capacity for work. National pride and self-respect, which in recent years have been rather at a discount owing to a certain feeling among Germans that they were not acceptable to the people of many European countries, are rapidly being restored; and this is largely due to the whole-hearted acknowledgment, on the death of Stresemann, of the signal service to European peace given by the late Foreign Minister.

Moreover, the efforts of Stresemann have done a great deal to improve Germany's position in the eyes of the world, and an interesting situation is quietly developing that points to a new era in Anglo-German relations. Even a year before the evacuation of the Rhineland by British troops, there was noticeable in Berlin a friendly feeling towards England, which is free to develop now that the "occupation" bogey has been removed, and has been stimulated by certain circumstances and actions of policy. A good impression was created in Germany at the beginning of last year by the frankness of the British Embassy towards the German Government over the Anglo-French Naval Compromise—a move incurring great responsibility which was amply justified in view of the importance of the question at the time. This open attitude with the Germans, together with the praiseworthy conduct of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, earned for Britain a reputation for straightness and justice, which caused her to be held in high respect, if not in affection. As this relationship existed between the Germans and an ex-enemy akin to them in racial character, they began to look in our direction for justice and fair play. They did not look in vain.

Whereas before the first Hague Conference there was a strong feeling in Germany that Locarno was a one-sided affair, from which Germany derived no benefit —and there seemed at the time to be considerable grounds for this contention—things have moved rapidly in the last few months to show that Great Britain intends to support Locarno with regard to Germany as well as France. Not only has Britain taken the lead in the evacuation of the Rhineland, and thereby discouraged

France to remain, but she has also demanded justice for Germany in the reparations settlement at the Hague. Even Count Westarp's Nationalist paper, *Kreuz Zeitung*, referred to Mr. Henderson's offer to Herr Stresemann to evacuate the Rhineland, independent of France, before the end of 1929, as "a really friendly act"; and Mr. Snowden's insistence at the Hague that there should be no settlement of differences between creditor nations at the expense of Germany has been added to the credit of Great Britain. While it is too much to expect that there should be actual gratitude for all this—gratitude is too rare a commodity—there certainly is in Germany to-day a deep sense of appreciation, although it is temporarily obscured by internal economic matters. The Germans also realize that, while France, Italy, and Belgium receive considerable sums on account of reparations, Great Britain receives very little after the American debt has been paid; and, when all reparations' payments are made through the International Bank under the Young Plan, this fact will be still more apparent.

British Rhine policy has certainly had a good effect on the German attitude towards our country, and the British soldier has made a great contribution towards this improvement. A senior official of the Ministry of Occupied Territories in Berlin spoke to me in the highest terms of the troops, the correctness of their whole attitude, and the good impression they created. It was obvious, he said, from the demeanour of both officers and men that their presence in the Rhineland was through no wish on their part. The Germans much appreciated the complete detachment of the troops from internal affairs and politics, and were impressed by the high sense of justice of the General Officer Commanding. There were few instances of unpleasantness apart from the actual fact of occupation, and the people were wholly satisfied with the justice administered by the British military courts—a factor which made the greatest impression on the minds of the Rhinelanders. In conclusion, this German official assured me that there was a general feeling of appreciation throughout Germany that it was altogether due to the firm attitude of the British delegates that the Rhineland evacuation by the end of June, 1930, was agreed upon by France at the

first Hague Conference. He spoke with obvious sincerity, and even went to the length of saying that, however distasteful the occupation was, it served the one useful purpose of giving the two peoples an opportunity of understanding each other better. I had gone to the Ministry in the Leipziger Platz with rather mixed feelings, but my reception was so cordial that I left with the conviction that, if the Germans do not actually like us, they have for us the most wholesome respect. Even the hall porter waved to me *auf wiedersehen* and added *Alles gut jezt*, or words to that effect.

Against this, however, must be set the friction caused by the liquidation of German property in England, which still rankles in German minds—especially in the minds of those who have been directly affected, although the matter has now been finally closed for better or worse in the reparations' settlement under the Young Plan. There is also a certain amount of jealousy on the economic side, arising out of commercial competition at a time when Germany is compelled to press her export trade. But more difficult to understand has been the attitude of the German Press, which has repeatedly failed to respond to friendly acts on the part of Great Britain. While German statesmen and officials have been quick to appreciate any friendly gesture, the Press has usually alluded to the incident with reluctance, and only after official pressure has been brought to bear. The evacuation of German families from Kabul by British aeroplanes about a year ago was ignored in the German Press until Stresemann took up the matter personally; and then the evacuation was merely described as " by air." Similarly, Mr. Snowden's statement in Parliament, explaining the position with regard to German sequestrated property, was not properly published in the German newspapers. In this negative way the German Press has in the past hindered progress in Anglo-German relations, but fortunately there are now editors who have adopted a new policy and are anxious to help in the furtherance of friendship between the two countries.

Since the troops left the Rhine, perhaps the most noticeable symptom of friendliness on the part of the Germans has been the increase in callers at the British Embassy. Hitherto it has been impossible in principle

for certain German official classes to mix freely with English people in Germany, and for the same reason Germans have been unable to attend social functions in England which they always attended before the war. German officers have every year been invited to compete in the Horse Show at Olympia, but they could not well do so so long as British troops occupied German territory. Now, however, that the obstacle of principle has been removed, and the Chief of the General Staff has " broken the ice," the way is clear for normal peace conditions, and we look forward every year to seeing German officers' servants leading their masters' chargers about the streets of Kensington. All this seems a small thing, but it means a great deal, especially in the important stage of renewed relations in which we find ourselves at present. Officers who have fought against each other can often do more than almost anyone else to renew friendship between their respective countries. The last few weeks has also seen an improvement in the attitude of the German country gentry, and there is a general softening on the part of those who refused to consider any form of intimacy so long as the occupation lasted. It could not be said that the war period had really come to an end until the last British soldier had left German soil.

But before there can be any solidity in Anglo-German relations it is essential to find some ground for mutual co-operation. Friendship and goodwill are all very well, but there must be some basis of common interest. Such a basis is already provided between Germany and France by the mobilization provisions of the Young Plan, and the provision of some similar foundation for Anglo-German relations would be a valuable contribution to Locarno.

Meanwhile, Germany needs a strong political leader who can hold together the parties of a coalition, as well as the large number of " splits " which have become a regular feature of the Reichstag. As yet, there have been no definite indications of the future leader, but the best-informed quarters have for some time thought that Herr Luther, the former Chancellor, would guide Germany through the difficult years ahead.

The Evolution of Dumas Fils

By Francis Gribble

THE story of the life of Alexandre Dumas the Younger is the story of the gradual transformation of a frivolous and irresponsible young man about town—the favourite lover of the most notorious of the Parisian courtesans—into a preacher of virtue who, as one of his critics put it, "made a fetish" of fidelity to the marriage tie and denounced prostitution in burning words as the most appalling evil of the age in which he lived.

All the world knows that he was, in his youth, the *amant de cœur* of Marie Duplessis—the beautiful woman whose melancholy death, after a brief but dazzling career of gallantry, inspired *La Dame aux Camélias*. He made no secret of the fact. He never professed to regret it. On the contrary, he continued to boast of it long after he had arrived at living in the odour of respectability. It delighted him, he tells us in one of his Prefaces, to be pointed at, when he walked on the boulevards, as "the man of his book"; and he once said to Jules Claretie:

"Nothing is easier than to write such a piece as I wrote. All that is necessary is to suffer a little, and then to tell the story of one's sufferings in simple language."

Whether he had really suffered quite as acutely as he represented is, no doubt, another question. He certainly did not suffer all the anguish which he depicts Armand Duval as suffering in the novel and the play, nor did he ever even begin to make such a fool of himself as Armand Duval, being warned in time by a man of the world—Count Guy de la Tour du Pin—a scion of one of the oldest families in France, whom he met in Marie Duplessis's salon:

"Young man," the Count said to him, "I am fifteen years your senior; so I feel justified in offering you a piece of good advice. The lady with whom you and I have just been dining is very charming and very clever. One always meets a great variety of very interesting people at her table. Make all the observations which you have the opportunity of making there; but, when you are five-and-twenty, don't let yourself be seen any more either in her house or in any other house of the same

description. It is precisely because I myself now find it impossible to get clear of this sort of thing that I warn you against it."

It was very sound advice, and Dumas did not await his twenty-fifth birthday before taking it. Apparently he broke off the connection because, though he paid no fees and made no direct contribution to the upkeep of Marie Duplessis's establishment, he found the incidental expenses of his relations with her inconveniently heavy. The letter in which he broke it off having passed into the hands of a dealer in autographs, he bought it back and presented it to Sarah Bernhardt, bound up in a copy of *La Dame aux Camélias,* declaring that she had "a right to possess it," because she had "just given renewed life and youth to this dead past." It ran as follows:

"My Dear Marie:

"I am neither rich enough to love you in the way in which I should wish, nor poor enough to be your lover on the terms which you propose. So let us both forget—you a name which must be very nearly indifferent to you—I a happiness which has become impossible for me.

"It is superfluous for me to tell you how sorry I am, for you know how much I love you. Good-bye, then. You have too tender a heart not to understand why I am writing this letter, and too much intelligence not to forgive me for writing it.

"*Mille souvenirs.*

"A. D."

The tone of the letter, it will be agreed, is more correct than passionate. It almost suggests an apprehension on the part of the writer that anything that he wrote might be printed in a newspaper and used in evidence against him; and its ultimate appearance in such a quarter gives a pleasant touch of verisimilitude to certain passages in certain Prefaces, written long afterwards, in which Dumas, having become a respectable, if not a holy, man, reviewed, without deploring, the laxities of his early years.

It was true, he then confessed, that he had not lived "exactly like a saint, unless we take for our standard of sanctity the early manner of Saint Augustine"; but, he

made haste to add, after moralizing at the expense of Saint Augustine, that, if he himself had been more sinner than saint, he had been more philosopher than either.

"These facile pleasures," he insisted, "gave me little satisfaction. While living this riotous life, I was far more occupied in taking notes than in enjoying myself. The lost sheep whom I was constantly meeting, who sold pleasure to some men and gave it to others, keeping for themselves nothing except certain shame, inevitable ignominy and precarious good fortune, disposed me to tears rather than to laughter, and I began to ask myself why this was so."

Immorality, that is to say, was for Dumas the Younger a part of education; and Marie Duplessis was by no means his only instructress. He found another in a married woman—a *femme du monde,* this time—whom he followed to Russia, where she lived, with the result that her husband, having influence at the Russian Court, procured an order for his expulsion from the country. He wrote a number of abominably bad verses about her; and the affair, such as it was, inspired *Diane de Lys*—a piece described by him, in the inevitable Preface, as "the cry evoked by a personal emotion to which art has given a development and a logical conclusion which happily were absent from the actual story."

That, he adds, is how all the great emotional writers have worked, and "it is thus that Shakespeare and Molière made use of their loves, their passions, their despairs, and even the experiences which made them ridiculous"; but he disclaims all title to pity both on their behalf and on his own. Such men, he says, have not really suffered "in the true sense of the word." They have simply endured the pains of child-birth and produced masterpieces. The reward is well worth the price paid for it.

So he repented of nothing and regretted nothing and continued to boast of the successes which he had achieved while walking in the way of sinners long after he had quitted those ways and begun to lay down for our guidance moral laws as wise as Solon's and as severe as Draco's. But he had, none the less, reached the second stage of his evolution. His pose, this time, if we may take it as a pose, was that of the man who had suffered and

been strong, but could look back on his suffering without regret because it enabled him to remember emotion in tranquillity for the edification of mankind. The third stage was reached when he engaged in a romantic correspondence with the distinguished actress, Aimée Desclée, figuring no longer as a lover, actual or potential, but as an impersonal philosopher who offers good advice instead of love.

She was an actress whom he had discovered in Brussels, and for whom—not for sentimental reasons but because he admired her talents—he had procured an engagement in Paris. He became, he tells us, "to some extent the confessor of this poor creature"; and the correspondence gradually assumed a character which he had not contemplated when he began it, when he found that she had chosen him as her confessor because she was in love with him. She told him so in letter after letter.

She was, she knew and admitted, one of the "women whom men don't marry"; but she saw no reason why such women should be condemned to perpetual virginity. They wanted babies as badly as other women. She wanted one; and this was a matter in which Dumas might very well help her, an alliance between the creator of a great work of art and its interpreter seeming to her the most natural thing in the world.

She made no false pretence even to a relative purity. She admitted her lapses—rather serious lapses. She had been untrue, she confessed, to one paramour, and the other paramour for whom she had forsaken him had been untrue to her. But what of that? "He was so handsome"; and she had not sold but given herself. And now, she felt, the time had come for her to be redeemed by real love, as Marguerite Gauthier would have liked to be redeemed by Armand Duval; and her great desire was to entrust Dumas with the task of redemption. So she invited him to undertake it; and his reply to the proposal was not a declaration of love but a sermon—a queer sermon, too, in view of a certain confession contained in it.

We find him writing to her of himself, in the third person, thus:

"You are young, and he is no longer young, but old enough to be your father. Indeed he very nearly was

your father, and has no right to forget that fact. It is, therefore, thanks to this invisible logic of circumstances, as one who is morally your father, that he now tries to give you, if he can, the moral force which your actual father failed to give you."

Her mother, that is to say, had been his mistress. His case, if he had accepted her offer of love, would have been compared by those who knew the story, as many doubtless did, to that of Molière marrying Madeleine Béjart's daughter—an impossible case, even if he had been in love with her, for such a respectable moralist as he had now become. And he did not love her, and had no intention of trying to love her, knowing that love is a sentiment, independent of human volition, which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth," and having always, unlike his illustrious father, held that love affairs between dramatists and actresses were to be deprecated.

So he could not be her redeemer; but he also discouraged her determination to seek the seclusion which a convent grants as an alternative to becoming his mistress:

"What would be the good of that? You wouldn't stay there. Besides, there are convents everywhere for those who want them. The only real and true convent is self-respect."

Her conduct, too—he came to that at last—had it not been rather shocking? Her admissions having raised the question, he must answer it; and he proceeded to do so in language hardly less stern and vigorous than that of an evangelical tub-thumper in his pulpit:

"A woman is nothing unless she and a man are allied to make one person. You had found the saviour, the companion, whom you needed in one of our theatrical colleagues. He would certainly have been willing to marry you, or, at any rate, to let you live with him, as his wife, as long as you cared to. But you preferred to compromise yourself with a strolling player—some wretched Adonis of the mountebanks' booth; and so you have found your way back into the dank valley in which the victims of a moral goitre swarm and pullulate."

That is the last letter. The story ends on that note. That cynical critic, Paul Souday, suggested that it might have ended on quite another note if Aimée Desclée had

been younger and more attractive; but it is idle to speculate about that. Its actual end—and the manner in which the end was announced—shows us the ultimate Dumas; the Dumas who, having climbed, in the grand manner, on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things, was equally proud of his past exploits as a gay Lothario and his present position as a moralist and a moral reformer.

It remains only to trace the steps by which he had reached that position, and to examine the social philosophy which he expounded and the social reforms which he thought would ensure the amelioration of the world.

The only philosophical questions which interested him were sex questions. Life, for him, was simply a tangle of sex questions which it was the function of philosophers to unravel; and his attitude towards these questions was determined and dominated by the social disabilities which he suffered as the natural son of a Bohemian father and an unmarried mother, and by the fact that the women in whose society he received his social education belonged, with very few exceptions, to the Half-World of Bohemia and were satisfied with its lax moral standards.

He describes, in "L'Affaire Clemenceau," how his schoolfellows taunted him on account of his illegitimacy, with the result that "a day never passed without my having to fight one of them, and there were days on which I had to fight several of them." Consequently he is moved to write in the Preface to *Le Fils naturel:*

"For my part I hold that a man who deliberately brings a child into the world (and he cannot do this otherwise than deliberately) without assuring its moral and social well-being and without recognizing his responsibility for the subsequent trouble which his action may cause, is a malefactor who ought to be classed somewhere between thieves and murderers."

And there was such a lot of that sort of thing, and so many of the women thus corrupted and betrayed became courtesans, and so many other women of higher social status were tiring of their husbands and seeking relief in extra-matrimonial adventure, that France was fast drifting towards universal prostitution, and rigorous measures must instantly be taken to avert the threatened

catastrophe. So he drafted—or, perhaps, one should say, improvised—a programme for saving men from their sins and women from their shame.

All young women, he proposed, who could not prove that they had private means, must be conscripted and taught a trade in State workshops. If recalcitrant, they must be placed under police supervision, and, if, in spite of these precautions, they still lapsed from virtue, they must be deported to the colonies, "where the colonists need wives and the land needs labour for its cultivation." Men must be dealt with even more severely:

"The law, in recognizing that a man of one-and-twenty is free, has also recognized that he is responsible for his actions. Any man of one-and-twenty, therefore, who can be shown to have had intimate relations with a virgin, should be required to give the girl a capital sum or an income calculated in accordance with his position in life. If he cannot afford any such payment, he should be liable to five years' imprisonment. If he has made the girl a mother, and has refused to marry her, he should be liable to ten years' imprisonment. . . . Every natural child whose father has succeeded in evading his obligations, and whose mother has brought him up honestly by her labour, at her own expense, should be exempted from the obligation of military service."

A remarkable programme truly; the more remarkable because its originator was no Saint Anthony, but a man of the world who had not only succumbed to temptations, but had, more than once, gone out of his way to look for temptations to which to succumb. He expounded it while his father was still alive, without, so far as one knows, in the least perturbing that old reprobate's equanimity. But it was not the full or the final programme. That was evolved later when Dumas, after having so long lived in a world in which courtesans were queens, came to know, by hearsay and repute, a world in which people married and lived happily together ever afterwards—a world in which brides were pure and innocent and husbands and wives were devoted to each other.

Thus enlightened, and thoroughly shocked by the spectacle of the career of a father whose pilgrimage of love had been a boisterous cake-walk, he welcomed a

new ideal, found a new premiss, and deduced a new conclusion.

"Society," he then laid down, "depends upon the family. The family depends upon marriage. The basis of marriage is love."

But that proposition, as he presently realized, though he never admitted, while clear-cut in form, confused the ideal with the actual, and challenged a demand, nowhere gratified in his writings, for a definition of love. For the problem which he was really facing arises out of the tricks which love, or what we take for love, plays us, and the unfortunate fact that love is *not* the invariable basis of marriage, can disappear from marriage even when it has originally been its basis, can exist apart from marriage, and may then make marriage an intolerable situation.

It is a very difficult problem; also, in the hard cases, a very pressing one. The solution which the theologians reach by ignoring the difficulties is no solution at all, the real question which we have to answer being this: When the ideal has not been realized—when a new love has come in through the door and the old love has flown out through the window—what shall we do about it? Shall we then preach pious resignation to those who have failed to find happiness in marriage, or shall we provide them with a practical remedy and a second chance?

That was where Dumas joined issue with the churchmen. They preached pious resignation. He, with equal fervour, preached divorce, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end: a means of correcting mistakes which have proved fatal to happiness and so making the best of things in an imperfect world.

It was common ground between him and them that the world is imperfect, and that love ought to be, as he said, "the basis of marriage." But does not that proposition carry a corollary? If we postulate that love ought to be of the essence of marriage, and observe that, in fact, it sometimes is not, are we not committed to the conclusion that divorce is the obvious machinery for promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number by multiplying the marriages which will conform to the ideal?

Dumas thought so. As his second wife was a

divorced woman, he may be supposed to have had his personal reasons for thinking so; but his motives, whatever they may have been, do not affect the value of his thesis, propounded by him in a work entitled "La Question du Divorce," which carried the war into the clerical camp with devastating effect.

It exposes the hypocrisy of a Church which, while denouncing divorce as a sin, has, over and over again, in the case of kings and other important, influential or wealthy persons, pronounced decrees of nullity which were really disguised divorces. It points out, giving facts and figures, that stern unbending marriage laws neither imply nor establish high moral standards, seeing that morals are often loosest in countries in which matrimonial bonds are tightest. It insists that more divorce would mean less crime, seeing that, where the law forbids divorce, husbands murder unfaithful wives and juries acquit them.

And so on, and so forth; Dumas demanding liberal facilities for divorce, not as a concession to vice, but as an aid to virtue. He was in favour of divorce because he was in favour of marriage; and he was so much in favour of marriage that a critic, as we have seen, accused him of "making a fetish of regularity in sexual relations." His own second marriage, which could not take place until the lady had been divorced, is said to have been serenely happy; and it may be added that his pamphlet demanding divorce was a political act as well as a display of fireworks, since it rallied public opinion to the support of that Loi Nacquet which brought divorce back into the French Code.

It marks, too, the culminating point of his evolution. In spite of his shocking father's bad example, and his own early exposure to agreeable temptations, he had reached the goal of morality, though he had travelled to it by an unusual road. The reform of the marriage laws which he had helped to secure was a very valuable reform, very helpful to morality; and there is nothing more to be said except that he died of meningitis on November 28, 1895, having triumphed over moral difficulties no less great, in their way, than those material difficulties which his father had been obliged to surmount in the early years of his fight for recognition.

The Miracle

By Ford Madox Ford

THE former Miss Sinclair, lying in her great four-post bed, the sheets to her firm chin, was aware that her husband, coming from his bath, was walking briskly and humming. She was still in the stage of studying him. She was aware—though he wasn't—that he was a man of deep and suddenly aroused moodinesses, and these she watched with attention because his career was very precious to her—though she herself had abandoned none of her own hopes of scientific honours. This was a new mood! He pushed the door open sharply, and, with long strides—for he was a tall man—in his elegantly cut trousers and admirable white shirt, crossed the floor to the foot of the bed, where he faced her.

"I maintain," he exclaimed good-humouredly, stretching out his hand in a parody of himself when lecturing, "that A Man of Intellect cannot be an efficient Man of Action. I have solved in my bath a considerable problem. Yet I have again lost my collar-stud!"

"For myself," his wife asserted in imitation of his tone, "I maintain that the age of miracle *cannot* return and never existed. Yet you are addressing remarks to me before breakfast. Here are four irreconcilable phenomena!"

He was a very young, tall, brilliant professor, and they had been married not quite a year, though they had been engaged for four years. In those four he had naturally had a good deal of leeway to make up; she, on the other hand, having remained at the rather but not very old university of which her father was the well-known principal, had, as it seemed to her, always been distinguished for looks, vivacity, and learning, her "subject" being scientific eugenics. And having intensely disliked the period of waiting for her lover to make up his leeway, she was determined that now he should do nothing to retard his future progress. With a good brain, she thought, he had touches of the poet about him. Not a bad thing for a scientist, but dangerous in a keenly competitive university society. They had the world, now, as a ball before their feet. She was determined that nothing should delay its swift rolling.

He, for his part, had made up his leeway on his return

to that place with a tenacity, a force, and a rapid grasping of opportunity that had astonished such of the dons as had known him before. He had gone away a boy, heavy and, above all, shy; possibly gifted, but nervously unable to do himself justice. He came back seeming to know the ropes of that university with unaccountable address; overhauling his arrears of work as a liner overhauls a fishing smack; overwhelming as a wave overwhelms a sea anemone the brilliant Miss Sinclair, whom before to speak to would have paralysed him. His department was some branch of biology so abstruse that one hesitates over the spelling of the name, but their minds were reputed to fit as acorn fits cup. They were humorous, good-humoured, and comely, and it was agreed between them not to converse before breakfast, when the professor, pottering over his careful toilette, which desultorily occupied him for a full hour, was accustomed to think over the subject of his coming day's labours.

The former Miss Sinclair lay motionless, her eyes like coals above the white sheet of a great state bed—high pillared. Mirrors shone deeply; the curtains were pink-flowered, calendered cretonne. There was a great deal of light in the tall white room. Miss Sinclair's long black plaits, from each side of her head, ran parallel and pointed at the tall professor. She was not so certain of his truce.

She pointed with her chin: "There's a collar-stud there," she said, and the professor lumbered pensively towards the old white mantelpiece searching under its flowers for his stud.

"I am thinking," he said, "but not about Portfolio B 14. I thought *that* problem out in my bath. Where *is* that collar-stud? . . . An hour's scribbling and B 14 can go to the university printers!"

His wife ecstatically adopted a sitting posture, her black plaits hanging now parallel over blue and white, faintly figured silk.

"*Douglas!*" she exclaimed. "Then the age of miracles *isn't* past. After all these months, you've thought it out! But why to-day of all days? I can't believe it!"

"That *blasted* stud," the professor mumbled between his teeth and continued to sway from side to side in front of the mantelpiece.

"It's *behind* the antirrhinums," his wife said; "I put

it there last night—for safety. I know what you are."

The professor straightened his back, turned with meaning right about, and regarded her under serious brows. He was rather an ugly fellow, she thought, with his large mouth, high cheek bones, and overhung eyes. But his long line of trousers, his strong neck arising from his white, still uncollared shirt—rather a gargoyle—but a fine figure of a man. Passionate, humorous, and abstracted. He considered that he had the Scientific Mind! He! . . .

It was as well, however, not to shake him in *that* belief. Their living sumptuously depended on that.

He said: "You think you know me? H'm! H'm! . . . We're agreed, aren't we, to regard phenomena set beside phenomena *as* phenomena set beside each other? Dried fir cones side by side. Without connection or purpose!"

"That," she said, "was our premarital agreement. I suppose that we stick to it. We *have* the Scientific Mind. . . . You want to tell me something? About Portfolio B 14?"

"No!" he said. "This is an anniversary!"

"It can't be *ours!*" she said sharply, "because we haven't been married a year. Then it's Miss . . ."

"No!" he said with decision. He swung half round again to glance along the mantelshelf for the collar-stud. "Oh, you said it was *behind* the antirrhinums," he muttered, and then adopting an easy attitude of his long trousers, and slightly extending one hand, he cleared his throat. His wife lay down, drew the bedclothes to her chin, arranged her plaits on the sheet.

"It's a question of a miracle," he said. "You have twice used the phrase 'an age of miracles.' There is a proverbial saying, 'The age of miracles is past!' I question whether it is. I am about to lay before you for your *scientific* consideration a single circumstance. Within my own experience. Exactly observed! One that I have since considered profoundly and that has influenced my whole life. And I cannot see that it is anything but a miracle! It concerns the creation of something that formerly was not: in a given place and in answer to prayer. My own personal prayer. Whilst, obviously, that in no way affects my biological position, it must affect

my attitude towards a Special Providence and all that that entails."

His wife, speaking on purpose very slowly, said: "You have considered that the expression of such a belief might lose you your job. Or, at least, it might make it extremely difficult for you to get another here—not to say a better one, when this one runs out. The Big Ones of this place are not distinguished by tolerance. Father himself . . ."

"They will hardly," the Professor said, "eject me because I make to you in private a communication of a quasi-religious nature."

"You had better let me hear."

"I must," he answered, "think a moment more on the exact terms. I naturally wish to spare you disagreeable emotions and must choose my words with care."

His brows drawn together, he turned to the mantelpiece, thinking deeply. His wife, motionless, watched him with an anxious intensity. She was aware that of whatever he did in such moments of painfully abstracted thought, he would be absolutely unconscious. And it occurred to her that, possibly, such an abstractedness made him not absolutely fitted for personal scientific observation—personal! For abstract thought he was magnificent. Unrivalled.

But she had known him, whilst thinking deeply, to move the slide in a microscope, and to be perfectly unconscious of having done so. Naturally, that had altered the whole aspect of the section he had been observing. Yet when she had mentioned the fact to him, he had been so painfully affected, so absolutely certain that he had committed no such action, that, at last, after a distressing scene—the only one they had ever had—she had thought it wiser to withdraw her absolutely true allegation. There were, she knew, times when it was wiser to submit, the whole being greater than the part. Indeed, he had gone almost out of his mind, and she had never again mentioned or—as she naturally might have—made fun of his unconscious actions.

She watched him then. His brows still drawn tightly together he moved the old silver vase of scarlet, sulphur, and blazing magenta snapdragons on the mantelpiece. He took the collar-stud thus uncovered and, as again he

turned to his wife, fitted the small metal object into the stud-hole of his white linen shirt. His eyes gazed at nothing.

He brought his mind to earth with a jerk. "This is naturally painful to me," he said. "You must excuse me if I have kept you waiting." He cleared his throat.

"We have never," he continued, "discussed religion. Why should we have? You, as a don's daughter here, have naturally hardly considered or heard of the subject. I myself have naturally wished to spare you the contemplation of the disagreeable and the unimportant. But this being the seventh anniversary . . ."

"The seventh!" his wife said bitterly. "I knew it would have something to do with that hateful period."

"I repent," the Professor said, "almost as bitterly as you can, my share in those proceedings. At the time I conceived it to be my duty. I was then young and easily out-argued and convinced. You have since convinced me that my duty should have led me into far other paths. I have acknowledged my fault, and re-acknowledge it now. I will be as short as I can. . . . Seven years ago to-day, then, I was in charge of a large bombing raid. . . . Can you stand this? I will spare you all the details that I can."

His wife said, "Go on!"

"In those days," the Professor continued, "bombs were very primitive affairs; they had time fuses instead of detonators. You had to light the fuse and then hurl the bomb; the bombs themselves were mere jam tins filled with an explosive surrounded by fragments of metal. The important point was that you had to light the fuse. For that purpose cigarettes were supplied to the troops—Oriental cigarettes because, being mostly adulterated with saltpetre, they burn longer than the Virginian sort. I hope I make myself clear. The officer in charge of the bombing party was responsible for the cigarettes. I was the officer in charge of the bombing party. It was a very large one—a raid, in the technical language. I was then in charge of it. And it happened on the day after my arrival actually in the line of that distant and precipitous country. I had been for some time with what is called the First Line Transport, waiting for an opportunity to be sent up; but movement over that terrain had not been easy, and opportunity had not occurred. My morale, in the military sense, was not good.

You, hating as you do all military manifestations, will not despise me when I say that my morale was distinctly bad. We were shelled, from time to time, from a distance; we had to sit still under the shelling. I feared it dreadfully: I do not conceal from you that I was an arrant coward."

His wife said: "Oh, *Douglas!* . . . But you've got decorations and things, haven't you?"

"We won't go into that," her husband said. "We never have; there is no occasion to do so now. It is sufficient to say that then—seven years ago to-day—I was an arrant coward, from having to sit all day in a bright sunshine doing nothing, with a few shells falling near us from time to time."

He swung half round, looked at the mantelpiece absently and minutely, returned his gaze to her, and went on: "I am being as vague as I can as to place and details. . . . I got up then into the line towards ten of a black night. I was caught hold of immediately by a superior officer, thrust into a hut with maps that I was to study, and told that at two that morning I was to take charge of that bombing raid. Its purpose was to go a long way up into the hills, in enemy country, and there, before daylight, to establish ourselves in a certain circle of stones, or hollow, overhanging a road. When, all unsuspecting, a certain strong body of the enemy, as to which we had information, was to march beneath us we were to bomb them to pieces; at the same time, by the noise and by other signals we should make, our artillery would know that the enemy force was actually firmly engaged on that disadvantageous and narrow road. The slaughter was expected to be—and it was—dreadful! I re-apologize, my dear, for my share in this transaction. But so it was!"

The Professor broke off, and then, with tenderness in his voice, said: "But perhaps you cannot bear this narration? It would be sufficient if I assured you that circumstances warranting a belief in a Special Protection occurred during that night."

His wife, the sheet right up to her dark eyes and her voice in consequence muffled and altered, said, "Go on. I must hear it"—or something similar.

"In that hut, then," the Professor continued, "I remained for three hours or so. Officers came in and out:

shadows, but not many. An engagement was proceeding all the while; musketry and Maxim guns mostly; quite close at hand. There was not a man to spare: we were dreadfully short of our establishment. I had not even a batman allotted to me. I had myself to unpack my knapsack; make what alterations I had to make in my clothes—with fingers that shook so, I assure you, that I could hardly do it. And panting. Breathless, with pure dread. In a very dim light, and with the terrific detonations of rifles close at hand in rocky defiles—I am now breathless at the thought of it." And indeed he was.

"There is a detail that I wish to impress upon you," he went on. "That was the cigarettes. I had to fill my knapsack, my pockets, and everything that would hold them with the jam pot bombs; all my party had to do this; but on the top of the bombs in the knapsack were to repose two tin boxes of the indispensable fire-makers.

"Someone had brought them into the hut: tin boxes with a green and gilded label. They stood on a rough wooden shelf under a shuttered window, blinking in the dim light from a paraffin lamp. The bombs stood on a deal table; it seemed to take me hours to pack them into the knapsack. . . .

"Hours and hours. . . . And then it went extraordinarily quickly. These things do. A man rushed in: the assistant adjutant, I think. . . . But that means nothing to you. He shouted, 'Now then O/i/C Bombers!' helped me to buckle on my accoutrements, exclaimed something like, 'Rough luck, old chap, to have to go so soon. I wish to God we had someone else to send!'—and conducted me out into the dark. He said that he had got me a first-class guide and that the men and N.C.O.s were all first-class men. They were not even allowed to carry pipes or matches—for fear of showing a gleam of light. You see, everything depended on *my* matches and *my* cigarettes. . . .

"With them, that is to say, we could at least put up a fight; without them. . . . I forget the detail of a bombing party in those days; it was changed so often. Four men with bombs to two with rifles and bayonets; but the bayonet men were so cluttered up with bombs themselves that I fancy they carried only a dozen rounds apiece of small-arm ammunition. So you see the enormous importance of those cigarettes to us—a party

crawling miles, at night, into enemy mountains. Without them, every one of my men was dead. After tortures, very likely. Think of it! *My* men! Mine! You can't imagine what the feeling would have been like!"

His wife sat up slowly. "You didn't have to feel it?" she asked. "But of course you didn't. You forgot the cigarettes. But something saved you."

The Professor started a little away from the foot of the bed. "How did you know? I never told a living soul." He exclaimed irritably, "Where the hell *is* that collar-stud?"

"You put it into your shirt," his wife answered. "Of course I knew you had forgotten the cigarettes. I know you. Besides, you said so. You said it took hours to pack up the bombs; you never mentioned the cigarettes."

He felt the band of his shirt and fingered the stud. But in the engrossment of the other subject he forgot to express amazement or irritation, and his wife felt that one corner at least had been turned.

"That," he said, "was the *miracle*. I had forgotten them! . . . I spare you the details of the landscape at night; the crawling; the hanging on to tufts of rosemary. And my emotions."

"You need not," his wife said. "If I am judge, I want some details. Besides," she added more softly, "you do not think that your narration is unsympathetic to me!"

He looked at her rather gratefully; but, as is the habit with those used to speaking in public, he had already composed his next sentences, and he went on: "I remembered only when we were within a hundred yards of our objective—the hollow of the rocks overhanging the road that the enemy column must pass along. It was beginning to dawn when I remembered, and in those latitudes day comes quickly. There was no chance to go, or to send a man, back. No chance at all.

"And I remembered with absolute precision—that I had forgotten. It was no hallucination. I remembered not only that I had forgotten, but *how!* I had said to myself once or twice in the hut where I had waited, 'By Jove! I must not forget those cigarettes,' and had looked at the green boxes with the gilt stripes winking in the dim light. . . . And then that assistant adjutant had come in, a blustering, breezy fellow with an overpowering

personality, and had slapped the knapsack on to my back, and had forced me out of the hut into the darkness where the men were falling in.

"You *see!* I *remembered!* I remembered the *action* of forgetting. As I went out of the hut, I had had the sensation that something was unsatisfactory. Omitted! You know what I mean about that sensation: it is like a little thirst. . . . And there I was with that sudden remembrance. You see! It is scientific. Nothing in this world would ever shake me as to that conviction.

"The other material detail is that I prayed. As no man before me has ever prayed. I am sufficiently aware that you will object: I was praying for the deaths of unsuspecting men—what sort of Deity can it be that will allow the deaths of one set of men merely because of the prayers of an individual of another set? . . . I can't help that! I was praying for men lost by my fault. My own men. . . .

"And an amazing calm fell upon me. We were in that hollow, on a high place; the dawn was coming over that ancient sea; the tufts of herbs were absolutely still on the bare stone mountains. It was the stillest—the supreme—moment of my life. I knew then! I tell you I *knew*. There *is* a Special Providence; there *is* answer to prayer. I had my men lying in their places, overhanging the road. I said, 'Cigarette detail! On the hands down. Fall in to draw cigarettes!' You may call it the calm of desperation: going through the motions of fire-arm drill with empty rifles. . . . I slung my knapsack round in front of me; picked open the brass gadgets with absolutely firm fingers; threw up the stiff canvas lid of the knapsack. . . . The sun was just coming over the sea; its reflected rays shone on the green and gold labels and the bright tin ends of the two boxes. I noticed that the manufacturer was purveyor to the German Emperor.

"But from that day, I assure you, I have never looked back. And what am I to think of it but that it was a miracle? They were not there. I prayed. They were there. . . . You will perhaps despise me."

His wife lay for a long time looking at the silver vase from which rose stiffly, in stripes, the scarlet, sulphur yellow, and magenta flowers. She said at last, "It was for that that you got your . . ."

He said, rather sharply, "It was agreed that we should never talk about my decorations. What I got from it was . . . confidence! I am the man you see because . . . ."

"You mean," she interrupted him, "that if anything shook that faith in you"—she became a little breathless—"you would . . . you would . . . lose the lucky touch you have had ever since . . . ever since that miraculous event? You have been since then, haven't you, rather a fortunate man?"

He corroborated her gravely. "I did, as you seem to have heard, rather well out there. Afterwards, I do not mean that I was insensible to fear. Of course I never was. But I was . . . I will call it buoyed up! I never prayed again, of course. One isn't the man to trouble Providence with *my* trivial vicissitudes. But just the remembrance *transfused* me. It has ever since. Why, only this morning in my bath. . . . You know how I have worried over Portfolio B 14. Well! Suddenly, remembering the anniversary, I became calm. In that serenity the solution was absolutely clear to me. There it was. In a definite pattern. And let me tell you—but you know it as well as I do—that means almost—oh, it means *certain*—fame in the scientific world!"

He fetched his collar from the dressing table and looked at her with almost apprehensive eyes whilst inadroitly he fumbled with the front stud. It was that at which she looked when at last she answered.

"That," she said with her clear scientific intonation, "seems to settle it. I at least am determined never to question the . . . the miraculous interpretation you attach to that specific event!" She swallowed rather painfully, but went on: "I should suggest that on this anniversary we should . . . you might like to . . . go to a service at the Cathedral. And, side by side . . . oh, offer thanks, and whatever it is you do to confirm yourself in . . . . Faith!"

With an ecstatic face he had tiptoed to the head of the bed and now, bending down, he folded her in his arms.

"First Stop Rugby"

By W. G. Nott-Bower

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Englishman is his unsociability in railway trains. Even in the case of electric trains doing short journeys to and from the suburbs, you can see it. At the less busy times of day, when there is plenty of room, and a long train is standing in the terminus, each new arrival searches perversely for an absolutely empty compartment, and soon half the compartments in the train will shelter a solitary misanthrope apiece. I myself am no exception to the general rule. I have never attempted to analyse this passion for isolation—literal isolation, not merely elbow-room; but it exists all right.

The other day I had to travel to the Midlands, and I started in a Liverpool express from Euston. I arrived half an hour before the train was due out, and I had a choice of at least thirty empty compartments. I considered—"Shall I take a smoker, and run the risk of getting three or four commercial travellers in, who will spread a coat on their knees, play cards vociferously, and poison the atmosphere with bubbling pipes?" No, I definitely did not feel equal to that sort of thing. I had a new novel, and a slight headache, and I wanted peace and fresh air. The supreme hazard in the case of a non-smoker was a baby, or worse still a horrid, little lard-faced boy, sucking pungent bull's-eyes and perpetually advertising his adenoids. I weighed the alternative risks, and chose a non-smoker. For twenty minutes or so, all was well. New passengers trickled past in a thin stream, but they all went on, looking for empty carriages, and apparently finding them. I felt my confidence increasing, and considered that I might safely go and get some cigarettes. (There is nothing like an empty non-smoker for smoking: you can smell your own tobacco.) In three minutes I returned, to find four dowdy women in my carriage, breathing heavily, and piling nondescript packages on the racks. On the seat, by my hat, was a bag of oranges. The blood rushed to my head, and I dragged

my suit-case out from underneath the seat and left the gaping quartette in undisputed possession. Rude, I'm afraid, but wouldn't you have done the same?

I strode up the long platform raging inwardly. Only five more minutes, and presumably no chance at all of an empty carriage. But to my delight there was one right up in front, a smoker. I looked behind me fearfully, but there was no one near; so I took gleeful possession, rolled the door shut, and spread myself and my belongings as widely as possible over the seats. A timid-looking man with spectacles peered in from the corridor, but I put him to flight with a malevolent stare. . . . Two minutes to go. I put my feet up on the seat opposite, and opened my novel with a sense of enormous relief. "First stop Rugby"—an hour and a half of warm and cloistered peace. Whistles blew in the distance. There was a muffled clatter of feet on the platform outside, and peremptory shouts . . . "Hurry up, there!" The outer door down the corridor crashed open, and the corridor itself reverberated with the thump and slither of nailed boots. The windows of my sanctuary were darkened, the door rattled back, and seven shabbily-attired men, with handkerchiefs round their necks, burst in upon me, preceded by an atmospheric wave fiercely redolent of stale swipes and shag. A whistle blew again shrilly outside. The train jerked, moved slowly backwards, jerked again, and started smoothly forward on its journey. . . . "First stop Rugby!"

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The intruders gradually sorted themselves out, to the accompaniment of much pushing and guffawing; but for all my exasperation I could not help being favourably impressed by their polite hesitation to move my bag, which was on the seat beside me. I got up, I fear with rather a bad grace, and heaved it up on to the rack. Then we all settled down in two serried ranks, and took stock of each other.

A tall, clean-shaven man with a prominent nose and a thin, curly mouth, sitting in the corner farthest away from me, immediately proclaimed himself as the professional humorist who usually "runs" such travelling

parties. He hitched his shabby blue serge trousers, and cocked his head on one side. His six companions, with one accord, broke into expectant chuckles. The man sitting close up against me half turned in my direction with a delighted grin, and whispered hoarsely: "'E's a one, 'aint 'e!" I agreed, without much enthusiasm, for I had suffered at the hands of these wags before.

The funny man (whose name turned out to be Mick) then inserted a huge and nicotine-stained finger in his mouth, and made a noise suggestive of cork-drawing. Everyone laughed heartily, my neighbour slapping his thigh in an ecstasy of joy. "We are *not* amused," I said to myself, wearily.

"P'raps this . . . gen'lmun . . . may think . . ." observed Mick, thickly, "that . . . we're . . . very common . . . lorra chaps. Bu' we're . . . not. No. So 'appens . . . we just come off . . . a run . . . an' last night we . . . 'ad a bit o' fun. Did'n get much sleep, did we, boys?" "'E don't let us get much sleep, that chap," observed my neighbour, an undersized, sallow man with protruding teeth and a pink silk handkerchief round his neck: "'E's a proper lad, 'e is!"

"I may tell the genelm'n," continued Mick, with an assumption of great dignity, "that we are . . . respectable . . . seafarin' men, from Belfast . . . most entirely respectable. . . ."

Tumultuous applause greeted this, and Mick, suddenly bending his head down, dealt himself a number of resounding slaps on the back of the neck, a whimsey which he repeated several times again later on, and which never failed to amuse. After this, he made, in rapid succession, a number of gestures of Rabelaisian indecency (which, nevertheless, were extremely funny), and finished up by apparently swallowing his lighted cigarette. All this "got across" triumphantly, and in spite of my annoyance and my no small physical discomfort I began to feel a sneaking regard for the artist.

In the brief interval before he started effervescing again, I surreptitiously studied the rest of the company. They did not square at all with one's preconceived notions of seafaring men. They were all (except Mick) undersized, and all distinctly pallid of countenance. One was quite an old man, with a straggling, white

moustache and gaunt, grey cheeks half concealed in white bristle. His name was Billy, and he was entirely lovable, as I afterwards decided, gentle-voiced, genial, and simple as a child. The other five were all young, between twenty and thirty. Four were Irishmen, the fifth a Cockney (and not allowed to forget it!). One of the Irishmen, a jolly, square-built little chap, had eyes of the clearest pale blue I have ever seen, and a pleasant baritone voice. The rest were nondescript, rather haggard and ill-shaven, rather the better for drink.

When the laughter occasioned by Mick's last sally had spent itself, Billy produced from his pocket a black quart bottle, amidst general applause. One of the company was despatched to get the tumbler from the lavatory, and debate ensued as to how to extract the cork, which was rammed in to its top. Strange to say (in such a gathering) no one had a knife, and Mick's by-play with a stub of pencil produced no effect other than happy comments of the unprintable type. It was then that I bethought myself of one of my few social accomplishments. I seized the recalcitrant bottle, turned it head downwards, suddenly reversed it, and banged it smartly on the floor of the carriage. The trick succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. The cork flew out and struck the roof of the carriage, and froth sprayed all over my coat.

Billy, his scrubby old face wreathed in smiles, took the foaming bottle from me, and tenderly wiped its neck on the sleeve of his ragged coat, preparatory to offering it to me again with the most courtly gesture. I demurred, but he gently insisted, and as there was as yet no sign of the arrival of the glass, I boldly applied my mouth to the black orifice, threw back my head, and hoped for the best. Fortunately it was nothing stronger than old ale. (I had vague and uncomfortable anticipations of a pungent dose of "Red Biddy"!) After that the bottle went the complete round, and the quart disappeared to the last drop.

The company then settled itself down with much smacking of lips, and someone suggested a song. The blue-eyed man, after a little display of polite diffidence which would have done a school-girl the greatest credit, proceeded to oblige. His delivery was hardly orthodox,

for he settled himself back in his corner, closed his eyes, and remained perfectly still in that position till the song was finished. It was an extremely sentimental one, something about "my Irish darling" (who duly performed the evolutions and inspired the emotions appropriate to her kind). But it was sung with such genuine feeling, and listened to with such obvious emotion, that its banalities seemed almost pure poetry. I remember being extraordinarily moved by that song, and by its reception. The scene was queerly impressive—those pale, haggard, shabbily-clad men, sitting up stiffly in their seats, their tired faces relaxed, listening in rapt silence to the simple, hackneyed sentimentalities of that music-hall jingle with the same spontaneous and unmistakable sincerity as that with which they had greeted the bawdy horseplay of Mick, only a few minutes before. For a moment, in the pale gleam of the afternoon sun, they seemed to me to be transfigured, to lose their individuality, to become, as it were, eternal characters in the Divine Comedy, types of the simple virtues of laughing, weeping, struggling, suffering mankind.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the song finished —and the spell broke. Mick slapped his thigh, and rushed (metaphorically) on to the stage again. Refreshed with his share of the contents of the black bottle, he proceeded to excel himself. He gave an admirable imitation of bagpipes, and another (with "book") of cats on the tiles. He swallowed his lighted cigarette again, and, turning his ears like taps, emitted jets of smoke from his nose and from the corners of his india-rubbery mouth. Then, suddenly, he assumed an aspect of intense solemnity, raised one hand, as though in ecclesiastical benediction, and in a tone so exquisitely sanctimonious as to defy description, gave utterance to this remarkable versicle:—

(Slowly and sonorously)
"Man that is born of woman
"Shall live for ever!
"Woman that is born of man . . .
"She shall die!
"An' the Lord 'e said unto Moses,
(Fortissimo)
"'LUFF!' . . .
"An' Moses—not bein' a sea-farin' man—
"Didn' understan' . . . .

(With contempt) "An' 'e run away into the bulrushes!" At the close of this unique effort, Mick turned up the whites of his eyes with ludicrous solemnity, after which he ecstatically ducked his head, and slapped the back of his neck vigorously, to the accompaniment of vociferous applause from us all. In proper celebration of his artistry, another black bottle was then brought to light, and the fun became fast and furious.

To my intense chagrin, I found that I had lost my cigarettes: but again my deficiency was promptly made good by my neighbour, and old Billy, always to the fore with little politenesses, bent forward and held a match with a trembling hand while I lit up. The innate gentility of these men amazed me. They were all tired out, and most of them were well under the influence of the black bottles—but they consistently showed me a friendly courtesy that with all its outward clumsiness was, in its essence, as sensitive a grace as I have ever discovered in any man.

* * * * * *

The grinding of brakes and the slowing down of the train announced our arrival at Rugby—the time seemed to me to have passed like a flash. I struggled to my feet and buttoned up my coat (still redolent of beer, I remember). At once kindly hands were forthcoming to heave my bag down from the rack, to dust the cigarette ash off my hat, to retrieve my novel, now quite forgotten, from under the seat. When I got out on to the platform, it suddenly occurred to me that there might still be a chance of returning some of the hospitality I had received. A porter, regarding us curiously, and possibly scenting my coat, told me that we had three minutes.

I grabbed Mick by the sleeve, as he stood, somewhat insecurely, in the doorway of the carriage, waving greetings to the world at large. "Come on," I shouted, above the din of the station, "have one with me!" He scrambled out delightedly, followed by the blue-eyed man, and we rushed to the refreshment room, scattering outraged people right and left. "Three Guinnesses!" I demanded urgently, forgetting to add "Miss," or even "please" (and thereby, no doubt, losing such little chance of success as I had).

The attendant Hebe looked us up and down, and replied coldly: "Nothing but teas served now." I experienced a sense of homicidal exasperation; for there behind her, not a yard away, stacked in sleek, gleaming rows, were Guinnesses enough to float a battleship. For a moment we stood in stockish silence. Then suddenly (bless him!) Mick gave a loud and unmistakable hiccup, and with one accord we roared with laughter—to the great scandal of the assembled tea-drinkers. Thus again was my discomfiture averted, when by any of the accepted methods such an achievement would have been blankly impossible.

A moment later the whistles started blowing, and we had to run for the train. With the assistance of two grinning porters, I bundled Mick and his pal into the corridor, and got the door safely shut just as the train began to move. He seized my hand and bent his head down towards my ear. "Man that is born. . . ." But the train gathered speed, and I had to let go.

I stood there waving till they were out of sight. They were going on to Liverpool, and there they would have to hang about for several hours, on a cold wet night, before the Belfast boat went. But it was nothing to them. They had not a single overcoat between them. But that was nothing to them either. I found myself speculating, as I walked slowly back to a cup of blameless tea, and to my own little corner of life again, wherein the secret of their gay chivalry lay; whether perhaps it is a grace common to all who go down to the sea in ships, and is the gift of green waters and salt winds and wide skies. But how could I tell—not bein' a seafarin' man?

By Decree of the High Ones

By Coutts Brisbane

Our readers will welcome the reappearance of Dr. Hi Ho, who made his engaging debut in "For the Sake of Enlightenment," July 1929.—Ed., E.R.

THE little tarts of apricots flavoured with garlic, the savoury duck with its mound of rice and well-peppered onions, the shark fin soup, and a double measure of well-heated wine had gone to their appointed place. With that feeling of peace towards all which only a well-bestowed inner man can confer, Dr. Hi Ho filled and lit his pipe, and puffed luxuriously.

He had had a very busy and profitable day, for his fame as a healer had gone far abroad; he had but to hang out the scroll which proclaimed his name and accomplishments in any market place in all the province of Ho Nan to collect a crowd of sufferers clamouring for relief. From his place by the window of the aptly named restaurant, Rotundity-of-Circumference-Bestowed, Dr. Hi looked down the narrow, dirty street, through Ping-Chow's eastern gate and along the rough road over which he must soon be jogging if he would reach Sen-Yang, the scene of his next day's activities, before darkness fell.

With a sigh, the worthy doctor drew forth a fat purse and settled the bill. He would fain have lingered in this earthly paradise, but business was business. Sen-Yang was a much larger town than Ping-Chow, and without doubt many and wealthy patients awaited his coming.

Suddenly a clatter of hooves rose above the clamour of the street vendors, and a man, well clad in garments of a superior quality, though soiled with the dust of travel, threw himself from a lean pony, and, after a word with a beggar, entered the restaurant.

"Here is one whose rice bowl has never been empty!" quoth the keeper of the house. "Eminent Turner-Away-of-Mortality, permit that I attend to his wants. But even as he turned, the newcomer, advancing with precipitation, inclined himself with due courtesy before the man of medicine.

"Have my eyes the sublime satisfaction of beholding the highly esteemed Dr. Hi Ho?" he inquired in a voice which he sought to make low and honeyed, though in truth it recalled the sound of ungreased cartwheels proceeding over cobbles.

"I am that lowly and unattractive person," replied Dr. Hi, with the modesty proper to politeness. "If you require my services, be brief, for I am about to take the road for Sen-Yang."

"That is well, for your never-sufficiently-to-be-praised skill is required in my house, which stands but a little way from that road. Know that an eminent mandarin named Wing Soo lies upon my bed in great pain; therefore hasten."

"I come!" said Dr. Hi, and rose. "My feet move towards his bed of pain with the alacrity of a swallow absenting itself from the presence of hawks. Nevertheless——." He paused and coughed delicately: "There are mandarins whose eminence of station is accompanied by an inexcusable reluctance to bestow a fitting fee when the agony of the body has been assuaged by the practised skill of a healer too innocent of the ways of the world to demand more than a fee of fifty taels in advance."

"Here are a hundred, and as many more will attend the success of your ministrations," replied the messenger, and, taking from an inner pocket a bag which gave forth musical chinkings, he bestowed it upon the doctor.

"I come!" cried Dr. Hi. "Let my horse be brought at once. Bring my pack, containing nothing but the rarest drugs, procured at an immense expense, and we will take the road."

A few minutes later the pair clattered forth out of Ping-Chow. At once Dr. Hi Ho sought information.

"Is the Heaven Aspiring Steed close to the bedside, think you?" he asked. "And are the yamen men of the estimable Wing Soo of an irascible temperament, likely to demand the return of a fee if, by the inscrutable decree of the High Ones, Wing Soo has already departed?"

"They are all men of pleasing countenance and polite demeanour, and will bow to the decrees of the Highly Exalted. But be not afraid! Though the neighing of the Steed has indeed been heard, his gold and vermilion hooves are not yet upon the floor of the chamber," replied the messenger consolingly.

With that he bestowed his whip lash impartially upon his beast and also upon the quarters of the benevolent doctor's plump and lethargic mount and so urging, kept him at a smart trot, which in a while brought them half

way towards Sen-Yang, where the conductor veered aside up a track which wound into the hills.

The sun was setting, and, as its light declined, Dr. Hi Ho began to look about him with apprehension, for the hills had a bad name.

"Are we near your well-built and extensive habitation?" he asked sharply. "For I have heard that men of evil nature, without reverence for the law or fear of the consequences of highway robbery, have of late been prowling hereabouts. It would be a great misfortune if we should encounter any of the rascals."

"Be not afraid! If we should meet any, I will quickly deal with them in no uncertain manner," replied the guide, and, throwing aside the skirt of his coat, displayed a heavy sword, a broad knife and a pistol of the sort used by outer barbarians, which could be discharged six times without pause.

Dr. Hi Ho, heartened by the sight, once more hastened his horse's steps, and soon they turned up the side of a ravine towards a small house perched upon a rock, from which lights gleamed through the deepening dusk.

Several men appeared upon the verandah as the pair dismounted, and Dr. Hi Ho noted with qualms that they were persons of no refinement, lacking in breeding, since they carried naked weapons and flourished them about their heads in a truly barbarous fashion, so that Dr. Hi Ho was moved to reproof.

"Refrain!" he said sternly. "Doubtless you are thus provided with body-destroying instruments because of the brigands who infest these hills. Yet to display them thus in such undistant wavings beneath this person's nose is worthy rather of vile robbers deserving of the Long Death than the respectable servants of a highly placed and many-examination-passing mandarin!"

At this well-merited rebuke the servants withdrew themselves a little way and allowed their faces, already marred by excesses and the scars of wounds, to become distorted with unseemly mirth. The scandalized Dr. Hi Ho turned to his conductor.

"In the seventh book of the wise and learned Wo Fung's greatest work, *Labyrinth of Etiquette,* it is written: 'Laughter in the presence of a superior is like to an evil odour before the Table of Offerings.'"

"In the seven hundredth book of the Sages it is

written: 'In the house of the tiger the wise cat refrains from scratching!'" retorted the fellow. "Revered uncle, know that you are come to the estimable mansion of the mighty brigand Ting Lung. In much pain, he awaits your help. Hasten, therefore, or a death of superior ingenuity, long protracted, shall be your portion!"

So saying, he propelled Dr. Hi Ho into a room where, upon a large and many-quilted bed, lay a huge and hideous man, whose fat body heaved and quivered to the violence of internal convulsions.

Immediately the fear and resentment which Dr. Hi had experienced at discovering the plight into which desire to aid the suffering had precipitated him was swallowed up by professional interest.

"In the yamen of the mighty mandarin Kai Lo, at Wai-Peng, I was called upon to minister to a young elephant which had swallowed a bundle of fish-hooks. He looked much the same as your interesting and, doubtless, benevolent Ting Lung, and his movements were of a similar diversity. Is it possible that the valiant and far-extending Ting Lung has inadvertently partaken of something equally of a not-sympathetic nature?"

"It is not known," replied the fellow evasively. "It was for that reason that this person—whose name is Lo Yip—came to Ping-Chow to secure your services. You are a healer. Heal!"

"I will do my best, yet if the Supreme Ones have decided that the hour has come for Ting Lung to become an ancestor—what then? Would this person also experience a discontinuation of existence?"

Lo Yip's countenance exhibited horror and surprise in equal measure.

"By no means, honoured one! In any event the not unremunerative position of doctor to our band is offered to you. Sword, gunshot, knife and spear wounds, also head batterings with clubs and stones, which are too often inflicted upon the brigand by travellers unwilling to bow to the decrees of Providence, will keep the skill of your hands from decreasing. For recreation you will question prisoners or persuade villagers to disclose the hiding-place of treasures which a base and soul-destroying avarice has induced them to conceal."

"I am not an executioner!" replied Dr. Hi Ho coldly. "My art is used to cure, not to torment."

"This person, having witnessed cures performed by the learned and eminent Hi Ho, is of the unalterable opinion that the difference is but one of words," replied Lo Yip drily. "Also, this person having hitherto, not without a measure of success, performed the necessary operations, will instruct you. Or, should an unwise obstinacy impel you to decline the honourable office, he himself will convince you that the task is not beyond the compass even of a not-transcendently-effulgent intellect."

"I accept the offer made with such abundant delicacy!" replied Dr. Hi Ho with haste. "And now let us consider the valiant and widely-disposed Ting Lung. Let a brazier of hot coals be brought."

So saying, Dr. Hi unrolled his chart of the human body, divided into a hundred spaces, each of which was numbered to correspond with a compartment of his medicine box. By ordinary he would have questioned the patient as to the position of his pains, and, having located the spots on his chart, would have administered drugs from the corresponding divisions of his medicine case. But since the valiant Ting Lung was beyond speech, he had resort to other and more subtle methods.

Arranging a set of cautery irons in the brazier, he took from his instrument case a mallet of ivory, weighted with lead and adorned with dragons of benevolent aspect.

"Note well the features of the valiant Ting Lung, honourable Lo Yip," quoth he, and smote the patient deftly in the midriff.

"They recall the progress of a devastating earthquake through a porcelain factory!" commented Lo Yip.

"Truly! Therefore a dragon is at work in this portion of his ample interior," murmured the doctor, and made note of the number of the affected area on his chart. "Yet, since there is much of Ting Lung, we will try again," and once more he smote, with the most gratifying results, for the patient heaved tumultuously in all directions and emitted a grating cry resembling the call of the female tiger to her mate.

"So!" cried Dr. Hi, allowing a smile of satisfaction to adorn his not-unengaging countenance. "We have found the innermost lair of the dragon. Let us expel him!"

From the compartments of his medicine case, indicated by the number on his chart, he measured doses with

a graduated spoon. These he mixed with water and honey of Chang Ho, and, filling a large syringe, introduced the mixture to the attention of the dragon.

Then, in order that the attention of the patient might be suitably distracted while conflict raged, he proceeded to apply his cautery irons to sundry of the outlying portions of his person.

At first the valiant Ting Lung responded with an alacrity which wreathed the smile of benevolence about the abundant mouth of the sympathetic Lo Yip, but presently these manifestations of a superior vitality ceased, and the brow of Dr. Hi Ho grew clouded. He turned to Lo Yip, laying the finger of caution upon the lips of discretion.

"Tell me, perspicacious one, which of your braves aspires to the position of chief of this band in the event, not too far removed, of the valiant Ting Lung becoming the object of a filial descendant's adoration?" he whispered.

"Truly, all of the six," replied Lo Yip. "Though assuredly a person of such penetration as the eminent and learned Hi Ho must perceive that the only one fitted for the honourable and distinguished position is this person. But do your capacious ears indeed hear the nicher of the Heaven Aspiring Steed?"

"Truly the stirrup approaches the foot of Ting Lung. The will of the Supreme Ones is about to be fulfilled—by the aid of a not-nourishing quantity of ground glass which the valiant Ting, in a moment of no vigilance, must have swallowed with his rice."

"The will of the Supreme Ones may not be disputed," murmured Lo Yip. "Will the mounting of the saddle be long delayed?"

"Before the light of day broadens upon the roof of this palatial abode, the ascent will have been accomplished."

"In the absence of the valiant Ting Lung's only son, Wei, now languishing in the yamen of the chief magistrate of Ho Nan with his heels higher than his head, this mean and undeserving person will assume the filial station and make the libations," said Lo. "Also, I will prepare a draught of wine for those low-born ones whose ambition exceeds their deserts. Tell me, eminent one, if among your medicines is any which, if administered by an unskilful hand, would cause the taker thereof to repair henceward with superior celerity?"

"There are indeed such, my son," replied Dr. Hi Ho, with a benevolent smile. "And that no unskilled hand may meddle with them, they are bestowed in those white bottles which you may see in one corner of my case."

"The coming of day and the departure of Ting Lung are yet removed by some hours," said Lo, with an air of solicitude. "You are wearied with well-doing. In an adjoining apartment, all unworthy of your employment, yet soft and sleep-bestowing, is my bed. Condescend, uncle, to take your rest upon it, while I watch here by the valiant one."

"My body, exhausted by a long day of conflict with afflicted ones, was indeed weary before I made the journey to this richly-endowed dwelling," murmured Dr. Hi Ho. "I go. Call me when the celestial hooves clatter by the bedside."

Though he was indeed wearied with well-doing, Dr. Hi Ho did not sleep, being afflicted with a not unreasonable doubt that he would again awake in the land of the living.

But a few minutes had passed when he was aware that the eminent Lo Yip had entered the room bearing his medicine case, which he laid softly by the wall, then retreated. Satisfying himself that Lo was out of earshot, having left the adjacent chamber, Dr. Hi skipped from the bed and inspected the white bottles in his case. As he had every reason to suspect, one of these had been nearly emptied. Dr. Hi smiled in the superior fashion of the tiger entering the sty of a well-upholstered porker, and lay down once more.

Time enough for the eating of a duck had elapsed when there came a sound from the window beside the head of the bed. One of the ill-conditioned ones, now wearing a look of refined politeness, came softly into the chamber, carrying a finger upon his lips.

"Eminent one, this humble person is the watchman and also the cook to this band," he said in a low voice. "In the hours of darkness when all creatures of a good habit should be asleep, a large fox, or it may be a small tiger, comes to my larder and does evilly. It may be that among all those medicines which wise doctors carry there is something that, if mixed with honey or the lard of a hog, would be swallowed by this animal and confer upon it the benefits of no-existence?"

"My son," replied Dr. Hi Ho benignly, "I have

indeed such a substance, of such a marvellous potency that in the short space of half an hour even a large tiger of the mountains of Kirin, with claws two spans long, would be impelled to seek the upper air. Wait but a moment, and I will give it to you."

"As perchance the animal may be large, the dose should be large also?" suggested the cook-watchman.

"Here is enough to slay ten men and a boy child of abnormal strength," quoth Dr. Hi. "If it be a tiger, retain for me the bones and claws."

"It shall be so, uncle," murmured the brigand, and withdrew without ostentation, leaving Dr. Hi to smile with an even greater latitude.

Scarcely had he settled himself than another whisper arose by the window, and again the man of wisdom was importuned, this time to supply the wherewithal to deliver a favourite horse, stricken by a deadly wound, from the anguish of further existence.

"Give him this and the relief will be not long delayed," said Dr. Hi Ho, and, so, a little reassured by the benevolent intentions of this last seeker after aid, allowed himself to fall asleep.

The first light of dawn was filtering through his window when the good doctor was aroused by the sounds of voices upraised in moaning and lamentation at no very great distance.

Dr. Hi Ho arose and entered the chamber of Ting Lung. A glance sufficed to show that the noise did not proceed from that eminent and valiant one, for very plainly the heaven-aspiring steed had paid his visit, and Ting Lung was now an ancestor.

The sounds still continued, though with diminishing force. Pausing to investigate the couch of the departed chief, Dr. Hi Ho laid the finger of reflection upon the forehead of sapience, considered for a moment, then, taking a sharp sword which hung by the bedside of the newly-made ancestor, he stepped forth upon the balcony.

Before the regard of his benignant and moonlike countenance lay the six brigands whom he had at first mistaken for honest, if ill-conditioned, servants and that other who had named himself Lo Yip, all with their bodies and limbs displayed after the manner of an octopus writhed upon a fisherman's harpoon.

Several had already passed to the Upper Beyond, but Lo Yip was able to turn his head and bestow upon the

doctor a look charged with abundant malignity. Yet his voice, though weak, was of a persuasive and wheedling quality as he addressed Dr. Hi Ho.

"Learned and beneficent one!" he croaked. "It would seem that one of these dog-faced atrocities must have mingled with the wine with which we welcomed the coming of the Steed some substance of a not-nourishing nature. That was as it should be, for all of them are of an avaricious and low-souled character. But, by some infernal mischance, the substance has also been mingled with the wine which I had reserved for myself. I am consumed by devouring thirst, while the hidden side of my body is tormented by scorching pangs. Act quickly therefore. Give me relief, and my gratitude shall surpass that of the Emperor Tchuan Li, who bestowed upon the physician who cured him of a death-inducing dose of deleterious substance the revenues of the province of Kiang-Si. Celerity is indicated. Exercise it!"

"The fee promised is generous, yet it sometimes happens that, in a meritorious and urgent desire to avoid dissolution, the patient promises more than he can reasonably perform. Be explicit, therefore. Already I perceive more than one steed approaching with saddle ready to receive an aspiring passenger to the upper atmospheres."

"I know where the late Ting Lung kept the accumulated pickings of a long and highly remunerative career! All shall be yours. Cure me!" moaned Lo Yip.

Dr. Hi Ho regarded him with a benevolent smile, but slowly and emphatically shook his head.

"Far be it from me, an innocent and often cloudy-minded healer of bodies, to refuse the assistance of my art!" he murmured. "Yet the hour strikes when the most gifted must fold the hands of resignation and bid the patient consider the joys that inevitably await him in the superior ethereality. Consider, oh, Lo Yip, the pleasures that await——"

"But the treasures of Ting Lung are worth an incredible sum. Without my aid they will be of no avail to you!" howled Lo Yip.

The moonlike and beneficent countenance of Dr. Hi Ho became even more suffused with that glow which comes of interior benevolence.

"Eminent and aspiring one, know that this person, though of a lowly and slow-moving intellect, has yet sufficient perspicacity to perceive that the bed of the late

amiable Ting Lung has a double bottom, well secured by a cunning lock. Also he has perceived a key chained upon the wrist of the departed. He opines that, by the exercise of his despicable mental powers, he may even discover the treasure of Ting Lung without your assistance."

Lo Yip's contorted face assumed an aspect of incredible ferocity. His mouth opened wide, doubtless to allow a stream of idle yet venomous abuse to issue forth. But before the words could issue he was seized by a violent convulsion which deprived him of the power of speech, and a few moments later had ascended the saddle of the invisible Purveyor of Paradise.

Dr. Hi Ho watched the passing with professional interest, then considered the situation.

"The magistrate of Sen Yang would doubtless bestow a fitting reward for the heads of eight notorious and greatly-desired brigands," he murmured. "Yet doubtless also he would be moved to inquire whence had gone the riches which they had accumulated by industrious application of their profession. Avarice is chief of the seven superior vices. I will eschew it."

With that inward feeling of well-being which the practice of renunciation alone can bestow, he turned to the bed of the departed Ting Lung. An hour later, riding an excellent horse, recently adorned by the brigand chief, and driving his own heavily laden steed before him, Dr. Hi Ho departed from that place.

"Inscrutable are the decrees of the High Ones!" he mused as he took the road for Sen Yang. "By the diligent practice of the healing art for ten years I have accumulated far less than has been bestowed upon me in a single night by the efforts of well-meaning, if uninstructed, practitioners. It is weary work riding the roads in weather too often inclement. Permanence of situation is abundantly indicated. The city of Sen Yang is large and has many wealthy inhabitants whose bodies need the continuous care of a well-instructed physician. A small house, a large servant, and a well-considered wife to bestow upon me the blessings of numerous son-offsprings are at last within the bounds of realizable possibility. Hasten, therefore, bearer of felicity."

And kicking his horse to a trot, Dr. Hi Ho rode smiling on his way.

Keeping Fit in Middle Age

By Lt.-Colonel G. S. Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C.

(Graham Seton, Author of "The W Plan")
Member of the Council of the New Health Society.

I SUPPOSE I can write with some special authority for the middle-aged. The span of human life, according to the sages, is threescore years and ten. Therefore, at forty, though one is as young as one feels, I am middle-aged.

There was a tendency in years gone by to regard man as a special creation, above the ordinary laws of nature. But this attitude to the species, *homo sapiens*, among most thinking people, has been dissipated by the teachings of Darwin, Huxley, Keith, Thomson and the revelations of modern science.

Man certainly is an animal, but he is also much more. If only an animal, he would attain to maturity, like the ape, after three or four years; but, in fact, it takes him nearly twenty years to do so. It is the central nervous system of man which makes of his genus something separate and distinct from the rest of the animal world. And it is only so long as he takes care of his physical body, controlling this nervous system, that he can attain to his larger destiny, and fulfil in middle and later life the functions of the spirit, namely, the arts, the humanities and the cultivation of science.

The central nervous system is the mainspring of man's creative genius, and it is only after he has preserved himself with care through the highest stresses of animal passion within him, and has fortified his body against the ravages of disease, that he can devote himself in his later and most important years to the affairs of the spirit. Such affairs, the outcome of emotions, released and relieved from animal yearnings, are those which, whether in organization or administration, or in the field of invention, provide for the uplifting of the human race and its emancipation from the terrors of social upheaval and of disease.

An example of a man who safeguarded his animal passions, and by reasonable exercises and the use of

leisure, not only attained longevity, but in the fields of philosophy and politics contributed greatly for his fellows, and lived a life of serene composure, was the late Lord Balfour. But his life, although he held on his way in days of ever-increasing anxiety, competition and stress of every kind, is not one easy to follow, for from birth he was comparatively sheltered, and spent his earlier years in the security of Victorian splendour.

At least, we can give our central nervous system the leisure which it needs, and this leisure is twofold.

First, in matters of food and drink we must be abstemious. The heresy remains that man must burden his stomach with eggs and bacon for breakfast, when in fact his brain would be much better off if he indulged before his working day only in fruits containing essential mineral salts. An animal prefers one meal each day, and, after having partaken of it, it sleeps. It would be better for man, especially middle-aged man, if he partook only of an evening meal, say, at nine o'clock at night, and, following a period of two hours' digestion thereafter, went to bed.

As it is, in all classes of the community, he suffers from the absurd notion that a meal must essentially consist of meat. In consequence, we find him with sausages or eggs and bacon at breakfast; at luncheon with beek-steak and a heavy pudding; follows tea, often with pastries; and, finally, dinner, or supper, often running into several courses, again consisting of animal flesh, cooked in various forms, and served with every possible irritant to the digestive organs.

It may be remarked that, though the wages of our working classes may be low in purchasing power, yet were these wages wisely spent in dietary values, the health, physique and stamina of the whole race would immediately be raised.

It is high time that a Government, through its Ministry of Health, should begin an educative campaign among the masses as to the dietary values of foodstuffs. Such a campaign has been conducted now for several years by a voluntary society consisting of an alliance between the medical profession and laymen interested in national health. The fruits of its work have already

begun to appear, and its opinion has been most marked upon the policy of manufacturers of food products. Since the early work of the New Health Society, under the spirited lead of Sir Arbuthnot Lane, there has been an insistence at least on purity and real dietary value in national products advertised and sold for human consumption.

The most important factor for the maintenance of a man's physical efficiency is the perfect working of his system for the intake of food, its digestion, its absorption into the system and the rejection of waste matter. So long as these functions are preserved, he may be reasonably assured of long life and freedom from illness of all kinds. His main diet should consist of fresh fruit, green vegetables, salads and wholemeal bread. He needs vitamins, mineral salts and roughage, and he can learn quite easily to-day what products are possessed of these essentials from the New Health Society, and, I am happy to say, from the advertisements of our leading manufacturers.

The right use of leisure, too, is all-important also to the central nervous system. We live under a dispensation which largely identifies leisure with lack of occupation, as witness the vast crowds of human beings herded upon our racecourses and tracks, at football matches, or merely idling in our streets. The human spirit needs the great open spaces. For years, living a very active life, with interests in commerce, public affairs, art and literature, I have hurried from the great city which engages my labour, leaving everything behind, even a postal address, and have wandered among the deep fastnesses of the Alpine valleys, where quiet and solitude may be found and the scene is inspiring.

With a mind unoccupied by affairs, and the central nervous system wholly freed from anxiety, I have tested and analysed my physical endurance in ascents among rock, snow and ice, and in long perambulations over high passes, climbing from one beautiful valley to another, which in loveliness seems always to eclipse its predecessor; and, in such a holiday, I have found that the spirit can wholly recapture its youth, the body be rebraced for months of imprisonment within the office of

civilization, and physical and mental stresses be tuned in harmony for the work of the forthcoming year.

The Alps remain, as they have always been for those who know them, the perfect Playground of Europe, for young and old, especially for the middle-aged, for rich and even for poor—for the hostelries of Switzerland are within the compass of every pocket—while rapid communication and cheap travel have brought this delectable leisure-ground to our very doorstep.

A man has little need for tonics and treatments, operations at the hands of the surgeon, and days of loss and irritation in a nursing home if he will give daily thought to his diet, take daily exercise for the massage of his digestive organs, swallow sufficient water to wash out his interior in the same way as he bathes himself to rid himself of exterior dirt, and give himself a period of annual leisure. Then, serenely, he can contemplate the unspoiled beauties of nature and test his physical capacity.

If human creatures will not follow this simple prescription, then the demands of civilization are such that, whatever hideous form they may assume, instead of being the most beautiful of created things, they will become even more grotesque than the rest of the animal world must think them from its vision of their outward clothings. And incidentally it should be remarked that no better service is being rendered to the younger generation, that they may be fit in middle age, than by the movement for Men's Dress Reform and by the British Young Hostels' Association. The former is destroying the ridiculous taboos which have swaddled man in unhealthy blanketings, giving him freedom and to his body the benefits of sun and wind. The latter will provide lodging up and down the country for thousands who will leave the tenements of civilization for the wonder and beauty of the English countryside. Both movements will confer incalculable benefits upon those who, too, one day, all too soon, must count themselves among the middle-aged.

At Fifty

By Seymour Poole

I have stood still—a watcher by the wayside
For a procession that has never come.
The day has been fine enough, the road quite pleasant,
And once I caught the far thrill of a drum.
Waiting in hope, I have not been unhappy,
For there were birds, flowers, trees and the open sky;
And, when the time lagged, I made songs and stories
About all these, and about the passers by.
Then, when I heard it—the incredible music
Of life at last, life to the full and sweet!—
It seemed for a minute to be coming towards me:
But it went down, after all, someone else's street.
No doubt I ought to have tackled life—gone to meet it,
Seized on a banner, become importunate;
But I just wasn't made so, didn't know how to treat it,
And so am lost, like all who hesitate.
There was to have come a place in the procession
That I should have recognized as being my own;
I was to have been caught up in colour and movement
By one sure hand—to have been no more alone.
But nothing has happened, and the day grows chilly;
A cold bed waits for the going down of the sun:
It seems a curious way to have spent a lifetime—
Strange to be nearing the end of what has never begun.

Man's Inconsequence

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

Not as the sea is the heart of man,
For the sea is straightly set;
Nor as the wind the desires of man
Free and without regret:
Nor as the flower that grows,
Careless of why it blows,
Is the lone heart of man—
God knows!

Not as the ageless hills sheeted with snow,
Oppressive, silent, cold,
Crag upon crag with precipice below,
Peak upon peak and fold:
Nor as the desert cast
Naked beneath noon's blast
Are the desires of man
Set fast.

O heart towards what quest,
Not of thine own behest?
A stony road—a crest—
God knows the rest.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Women and the Labour World

"It says here," said Heddle, "that the Newcastle Council may sack its women clerks and give the jobs to men out of work."

"That's grand news," said Sergeant Murphy. "Nothing does a woman more good than to be thrown on the sthreet to make room for a man. It shows her what a fool she was to be born a woman. Does it mention, be the way, what them women are goin' to do when they're sacked?"

"They've got homes, I expect," said Heddle.

"They have, no doubt," replied the Sergeant. "Just like that Miss Millet over the way who earns three pounds a week be typin' the tips off her fingers, and keeps herself and her mother. Suppose she loses her job and can't get another. Do you think the mother, crutch and all, is goin' to keep the home goin'?"

"Lots of these women in offices have fathers or brothers who wouldn't mind keeping them," said Heddle.

"That," said the Sergeant, "is what they call 'passin' the buck.' Sack the women and thrust that their relations, if anny, will take care of them. It's about as simple a way of evadin' throuble as leavin' a baby on a doorstep."

"What right have you or anny municipal council to tell a man he must support his grown-up daughther or niece? You don't even know whether he can afford it or not. You leave it to the woman to take pot luck.

"I've been readin' a lot of them letthers in the papers from men cryin' out that they're unemployed while women are occupin' men's jobs, and I don't know that I've ever seen so much bilge in print at wance.

"What's a man's job? Is it rattlin' a typewriter or filin' letthers? Does it require a he-torso to push two tickets for the stalls of a theatre through a window and dhraw fifteen shillin's? Is it only a male-brain that can arrange a Harley Street man's time-table so that he hasn't to operate on two people at wance? Yet there's

thousands of men in jobs like that who think they're keepin' the grand old Empire goin'.

"Suppose jobs was fairly divided between men and women, who'd get the worst of it? There's men milliners, men assistants in dhrapery shops, men cooks, men shinglers in hairdhressers, and so on. Ask anny of them to clear out because the jobs belong to women and hear their answer."

"That's all very fine," said Heddle, "but most women get married."

"They do," said the Sergeant, "but who's goin' to guarantee that anny wan of them will find a suitable husband? And while she's waitin' for him to come along, is she to park herself in the workhouse? Or is she to dhrag a fellah down off a bus and run him along to the registher office? And suppose she's wan of the kind that doesn't want to marry, is she to be forced?

"There's a crowd of men, Heddle, that can't get it out of their heads that the Turk said the last word in regard to the threatment of women. They're the fellahs that bleat 'a woman's place is the home.' Annywhere except here is really what they mean.

"Another thing, there's an awful lot of baldherdash talked about women refusin' to take up domestic service, and forcin' hundhreds of thousands of households to live on cold bully and pickles.

"All women are not domesticated, no more than all men are good workmen. And why shouldn't a woman be allowed to pick and choose when she's lookin' for a job? And if she's had a fair education, she'll be wantin' somethin' more than a skivey's wage and maybe a fourteen-hour day with a bad-tempered family. There's lots of good misthresses, but there's enough of the other kind, too, to make a girl think twice before goin' into service. And in anny case, a woman knows best for herself what job of work to tackle."

"There's the complaint," said Heddle, "that women get men's jobs by working for less wages."

"No doubt," said the Sergeant. "But if the women can do the work, the remedy isn't to sack the women."

"What would you do?"

"I'd raise their wages."

Reviving Oscar Wilde

By Horace Shipp

The Importance of Being Earnest. By Oscar Wilde. (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.)
Lady Windermere's Fan. By Oscar Wilde. (Everyman Theatre.)

ONE of the most amusing sketches at the fascinating little Grafton Theatre—that new enterprise in intelligent variety so worth visiting—is a study of the Bright Young People almost dying of boredom, inanity and inactivity, rocking together feebly to the dreariest of jazz music in what they deem a dance, and being confronted in vision by two of the sentimental lovers of the despised nineteenth century flamboyantly declaring their devotion and eventually romping gaily through a polka. A "History of Dancing" from my bookshelf had a truly staggering story to tell of the coming of that dance into social life—a story which for brightness and youth paled into insignificance the pyjama parties and baby parties of our own era; and it is perhaps with some understanding of the truth about Victorianism that we are tending to reaction in favour of that unhurried period. It is not insignificant that the leaders of this movement are recruited from the ranks of the ultra-moderns, and it is these rather than any elderly gentlemen remembering their youth who are sending dealers in quest of wax flowers under glass shades and sets of antimacassars.

The revival of interest in Oscar Wilde's work may be a part of this Neo-Victorianism, or it may be tardy recognition of his legitimate place in the theatre and in literature. English literary people travelling abroad are often surprised at the much higher esteem in which Wilde is held outside his own country. Particularly in the Central European theatres and literary circles, we discover that he is accepted as a first-rate writer; whereas over here, when he is not dismissed as impossible, he is regarded as a kind of literary measles which undergraduates are subject to at about the same time as they develop Swinburneanism. That period passed, Wilde is put aside as a rather shallow thinker given to forced

epigram and falser paradox, an indifferent poet, and a melodramatic playwright who failed to emancipate his drama from French models. The revivals simultaneously of *The Importance of Being Earnest* and of *Lady Windermere's Fan* challenge this critical estimate. It would be enormously interesting if they could be followed by others of Wilde's works, and particularly by some of the decorative and poetic pieces.

Let it be granted that the framework of the social comedies of Wilde was artificial and was tainted by that "Sardoudleism" which the newer spirits of his own period were destined to overthrow. These stories of erring women and social indiscretions tend to sound out of date. The newer, more cynical generation asserts that faithlessness and unchastity which were social sins of the nineties are the social commonplaces of post-war society. It may be true, and the brilliant young novelists who depict that life and exemplify it by being married and divorced before they reach the mature age of twenty may be right. Yet, watching the unfolding of *Lady Windermere's Fan,* one was struck rather by its understanding of what used to be called "the human heart" than by the obvious artifice and French-staginess of the plot.

The Everyman production is in every way worth a visit. For those of us who are concerned with the economics of the theatre in our time, it is interesting as being the co-operative effort of a group of players. It betokens something wrong with the orthodox methods of organizing the London theatre that such a company of actors should even be available thus to band themselves together; but it is, economically considered, probably one of the healthiest ways of working, and the Everyman Theatre has served before for successful ventures along these lines. As production, I would, for my own part, gladly have had this more stylized. The artifices of plot and language gain by every step taken towards theatricality, and Margaret Yarde, playing all out for theatrical effect, or Ernest Thesiger, delightfully absurd as Charles Dumby, are happier in the piece than, say, Kathleen O'Regan playing an approximately naturalistic Lady Windermere, although she looked so

charming in the period dresses that any performance would have passed. Kate Cutler, as Mrs. Erlynne, with the full-blooded stage manners of an older generation of actresses, was more right for a Wilde play, and she dominated the stage whilst she was on it. If there is an æsthetic moral to be drawn from the Everyman production, it is that Wilde must be played flamboyantly to get the full value from his work.

The production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* at Hammersmith makes no error along these lines. Staged entirely in black, white and silver, with just a touch of Beardsley to add to its piquancy, it is from start to finish an intellectualized farce as Wilde intended it to be. Here and there an epigram strains at its leash of sense, and makes us aware that every character, including the butler, is talking the same language. But what language! The brightest of bright young people must open envious ears to this string of fantastic wit. It was at the end of his career as dramatist that Wilde realized that his *forte* lay in dramatizing his own dinner-table talk, and with this play he created a type of English drama unknown before and never successfully repeated. All the rules of dramatic writing went out of the window, unless one excepts a genius for situation which was to serve him better in this fantasy than it had done even in the social comedies. But *The Importance of Being Earnest* is not a piece to be discussed; it is one to be enjoyed, especially in its present Hammersmith dress. John Gielgud, fresh from his triumph as Hamlet, plays Worthing with tremendous gusto, and the charm of his appearance is taking him straight to the hearts of those young women whose collective enthusiasm creates the darlings of the gods. Mabel Terry-Lewis has a like directness of attack as Lady Bracknell, and Jean Cadell makes an incomparable Miss Prism. But it is hard to distinguish in a cast at once as good and as well-produced as this. Suffice it that with this production we can understand something of the esteem in which Wilde is held in the Continental theatre, and once again we can congratulate Sir Nigel Playfair upon his instinct as a revivalist of all that is gay and charming in the theatre of other days.

Books

TWO ENGLISH GAMES.

THE LONSDALE LIBRARY. VOL. V. LAWN-TENNIS: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE. By A. WALLIS MYERS. With over 70 illustrations. Vol. VI. THE GAME OF CRICKET. By A. P. F. CHAPMAN, P. G. H. FENDER, and others. With over 50 illustrations. Seeley Service. Each, 15s.

THESE volumes are admirable, full of instruction in detail supported by photographs, and there are few intelligent players who would not gain by reading them carefully. Lawn-tennis and cricket have both changed to a considerable degree of recent years. In the detail of service English lawn-tennis players are still far behind the Americans, though McLoughlin showed years ago how effective a cannon-ball delivery was and Patterson came later from Australia to teach the same lesson. The old stately style of endless returns from the back of the court should be out of date. In first-rate play the poise of the body and proper rhythm are very important and well illustrated by the French players. The taking of terrific services is to-day an art and the ball is hit much lower on the bounce than it used to be. For hard driving great physical strength is not necessary. W. M. Johnston, who on his first appearance in London with Tilden electrified onlookers with the pace and certainty of his shots, was a small, thin man. Volleying is now a feature of the game which serious players strive to perfect, though matches are still won by good performers on the back lines. Mr. Myers gives a thorough exposition of it, but he might have emphasized the fact that the volley at the net directed sideways—Mrs. Larcombe played this shot to perfection—is as effective as the smash, which is liable to put the body out of position for the next stroke. In the present quick game such considerations are vital for success. The play of women has made wonderful advances, but the fuss made in the Press about them as "stars" has made some young players too nervous to do themselves justice.

Cricket has been modified of recent years by the introduction of the googlie, which Grace thought the most difficult style of bowling he had ever played. The fielder at point close in has largely disappeared and an extra array of hands behind the wicket wait for snicks or cuts off fast bowling. Such bowling remains essential to a first-class side, but the producer of it is only effective, as a rule, for a few years. He might last longer if he did not exhaust himself with so long a run. This may seem an odd suggestion, but Mold of Lancashire bowled as fast as anyone does to-day and took only a few steps up to the wicket. He was at his best, perhaps for this reason, for ten years instead of the usual five or so. Mr. Martin, who writes on bowling, seems to think the long run right, when it is natural,

but is it not often the result of copying well-known bowlers? Some of these, like Hitch, formerly of Surrey, and Wall of the present Australian team, spoil the effects of their long run by pausing on the way.

Modern batting has adopted tactics of unusual freedom. To see Hendren or Bradman putting a ball on the off to the leg boundary is a treat. The eye and footwork of Trumper or Macartney enabled them to score off quite good balls in the most exhilarating style and wear out the patience of bowlers. The other side of the story appears in the frequency of l.b.w. on the score-sheet. As Mr. Jardine hints, you can be unorthodox, when you have mastered the orthodox play, which may after all be preferable. The old-fashioned drive remains one of the most effective of shots, and though first-rate players make great scores without it, they deprive themselves of legitimate chances to hit and grow dull to the spectators in their over-use of back play. The 6 is always popular and has happily become more frequent at a time when cricket was getting too cautious and players the slaves of averages and "records." The business of a team is to win matches, not to make mammoth scores or give a bowler a chance to secure 100 wickets. The handling of the field can show audacity and initiative, as Mr. Fender says, and good throwing ought to be universal. Many fielders need to take lessons from the American baseball players, who are amazingly quick and accurate in their return of the ball. It seems worth while to suggest that practice might increase the length of the throw-in with which some players are content. Runs saved in the long field may make a great difference by the time an innings is finished. Mr. Chapman, a model fielder, is very sound on these points.

The action photographs, of which the frontispiece—J. C. White bowling—is a good specimen, are first-rate throughout.

V. R.

TWO VIEWS OF CHINA.

HISTORY OF CHINESE POLITICAL THOUGHT. By LIANG CHI-CHAO. Translated by L. T. CHEN. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

INNER HISTORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By T'ANG LEANG-LI. Routledge. 15s.

IT is a timely coincidence which brings these two books together from the press, for together they present a most instructive contrast and fittingly illustrate the results which "Western learning" is apt to produce on the Oriental mind: beneficial or harmful, according to the manner of its application. Together they provide also an interesting demonstration of the truth that "what you put into the school, you get out of the State." Most readers of these two works will, I think, be disposed to agree that it would have been better for the state of China if the present

generation of her ruling class had been educated, like Liang Chi-chao, in the intellectual faith of their fathers, rather than encouraged, like T'ang Leang-li, to follow after new and strange gods overseas.

Liang Chi-chao, who died at Peking in January 1929, was a Cantonese scholar of distinction and, as such, a protégé of the great scholar-Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung. At the age of nineteen he became a disciple of Kang Yu-wei, the "Modern Sage" and leader of the Reform movement of 1898, which ended in the deposition of the Emperor Kuang Hsü. For four years he was prominently associated with that movement, while at the same time studying history, philosophy and political economy under the guidance of his leader. After the Empress Dowager's reactionary *coup d'état*, he sought refuge in Japan, where for the next twelve years he edited a newspaper and wrote a number of books and pamphlets, which exercised an enormous influence in literary and political circles throughout China, awakening his countrymen to the necessity of political reform. When, after the revolution of 1911, he returned to Peking, his reputation was firmly established, not only as a literary stylist of the first rank, but as an independent thinker and constructive reformer. As his translator justly observes, it was his pen, rather than that of Sun Yat-sen, which sowed the seeds of political reform during the first decade of the century. After 1911, however, as the numbers and influence increased of the new class of Westernized officials educated abroad, the school of thought with which Liang was identified, that of the orthodox Confucianists and constitutional reformers, gradually lost ground. The principles underlying his reform programme (first outlined in the Emperor Kuang Hsü's Edicts of 1898) were progressive in certain directions and conservative in others. In his opinion it was necessary for China to adapt to her needs, as Japan had done, the arts and sciences of the West, but in so doing she must follow a gradual course of natural development, leaving undisturbed the foundations of national culture. He remained to the end a Confucianist by conviction and an advocate of the monarchical system, to be reformed on a constitutional and limited basis. It is interesting, even at this date, to speculate on what might have been the happier history of China since 1900, had the government of the country been directed by men of the stamp of Liang Chi-chao, wise builders on the old foundations, instead of by the class of foreign-educated officials, which, having no roots in the country, is unable to formulate any practical policy suited to the needs of the people. What calamities might the nation have escaped, had its rulers been guided by the belief which Liang described as the quintessence of the ethics of the Confucian school, viz., that "unless people are helped to nourish reasonable habits, it is useless to talk about politics. To disregard this fundamental

necessity, and to engage in the promulgation of laws and regulations, is not only useless, but harmful."

Comparison of Liang's erudite and convincing study of the history of Chinese political thought with the superficial thinking and sordid motives exposed in Mr. T'ang's "Inner History of the Chinese Revolution," leads inevitably to the conclusion that the modern Chinese who have studied "Western learning" at home are better men and better citizens than those who have acquired it abroad; also to uncomfortable reflections as to the moral value of our social and political systems compared with that prescribed by the Confucian formulæ of national life. It is not to be denied that, in the process of acquiring abroad the democratic principles of the West, Young China habitually sheds many of its inherited virtues, while at the same time its instinctive racial prejudices are notably increased. Mr. T'ang Leang-li is a conspicuous case in point. One auscultates him in vain for any sign of that scientific, objective attitude of mind upon which Mr. Liang Chi-chao insists, as essential to the study of political ideals.

J. O. P. BLAND.

FICTION.

ROBERT PECKHAM. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THIS story, told for the most part in the form of autobiography, begins in the time of Henry VIII, and Mr. Baring, though he gives no hint of it, is largely writing real biography of the Peckhams of Denham. He is master of a gracious and comely prose and includes attractive descriptions of some famous people, especially Mary Queen of Scots, but one cannot find any great interest in Robert Peckham, whose main recommendation is his adherence to the Catholic faith. His father was the trusted counsellor of Henry VIII, pledged to support royalty rather than religion. He himself rose to distinction under Queen Mary, and when Elizabeth came to the throne, retired to Rome to enjoy in a melancholy way its religious ceremonies and the writing of letters to the lady he should have married. Truth to tell, he made a mess of his life because he was unable to speak out, when speaking was needed. He was comfortably off and evidently not the stuff of which martyrs are made. But he might have been firmer. It seems odd that so invertebrate a creature had any success at the Bar. His verses and scholarly proclivities are pleasant, but Mr. Baring in the collected edition of his works which is promised might correct the Latin in this one. In the stanza quoted from Horace a careless *modo lassus* for *modus lasso* makes

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nonsense. The extra title page puts Robert Peckham's death in 1564, but at the end we find verses he wrote from 1565 to 1569.

DRINK UP, GENTLEMEN! By J. B. MORTON. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MR. MORTON produces a vision of England in 1935 with a Jew pawnbroker turned into a peer and forcing his Rustic Tea Houses, by means of subservient speakers and journalists, on country folk who do not want them and are turned out of the taverns they prefer. Brave souls who drink beer and sing rousing songs gradually raise a revolution against this infringement of the Englishmen's liberties, and great ones who have reached power by means worthy of their ignoble beginnings are shown up and derided. Trenchant attacks are also made on the obscure and ugly in art and literature as so much humbug engineered into notoriety by fashionable women. Already, it appears, the Sitwells are forgotten and Press Lords have become Dukes. A good love story supplies a relief from the main theme, and the whole book is amusing, though Mr. Morton gives way rather too easily to his talent for the grotesque. He has a good case to put forward and leaves us thinking less of its essentials than of Michael Finsbury at the moment when quick

drinking restored his confidence in the human race. A song about truth abuses philosophers and men of science and ends :—

> O modernist, forced to invent as you go
> A religion to meet every fad,
> Since the novelists help you with all that they know,
> No wonder you're stark, staring mad.

It seems to us, however, that propaganda in fiction tends quite frequently to support the Roman Church.

THE TRIUMPHANT FOOTMAN: A FARCICAL FABLE. By EDITH OLIVIER. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.

THIS cheerful novel, in which a perfect footman becomes rich and assumes a title to which he has no right, belongs to the same class of irresponsible fiction as M. Bedel's "Molinoff" (reviewed in December), in which a genuine Russian count lost his money and became a perfect chef. That is to say that it touches life on the farcical side, but not in a clownish manner. Impropriety makes no figure in its pages, and the only serious immorality is that of the hero and the attractive girl whom he marries, in their humbug about his claims to be the head of an ancient French family of rank. The account of the life led in Florence by a retired captain, who collects old furniture and curios, and his delicate, sofa-keeping, selfish wife is good comedy. For the reader whose mind can unbend to the frivolous without discomfort, this is a commendable book.

VOYAGES.

THE VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Now newly translated and edited by CECIL JANE. With 5 maps. £2 2s. A NEW ACCOUNT OF THE EAST INDIES. By ALEXANDER HAMILTON. With numerous maps and illustrations. Now edited by Sir WILLIAM FOSTER. 2 vols. £3 2s. Argonaut Press.

THE Argonaut Press is publishing voyages in a luxurious style worthy of their interest, and in these, as in the previous volumes, it adds to a good format the services of expert editors, whose research and judgment are of special value. Mr. Jane has written a very careful memoir of Columbus, weighing the various possibilities which have been erected into likelihoods. His marked early reticence increases the difficulties of estimating his character and career, and what his natural son said cannot be taken as secure fact. He was evidently a mystic, always relying on divine guidance, but he was also a man anxious to be rich, and the combination is not exactly pleasant. He had the handicap, too, of being an alien, subject to Spanish jealousy, and he did not see eye to eye with Ferdinand and Isabella concerning the purpose of his voyages. The "Journal" and "Letter" of his First Voyage raise questions of authenticity, when regarded as presenting his

views. But already it is clear that he aroused antipathy and had a preference for indirect methods, which is not a mark of greatness. Habitually suspicious, he could not show the friendly generosity to natives of Captain Cook. He was ruined, Mr. Jane suggests, by his temperament, which led him to exaggerate and excite hopes which were not realized.

Alexander Hamilton wrote, on his return from the East, a geographical account of the places he had visited, which also includes some of his adventures and a good deal about the trading of the day, from 1688 to 1723. His book has not been published since 1744, and reveals a Scot of undaunted spirit, full of courage and resource and determined not to be browbeaten or swindled by anybody. He is, as Sir William Foster says, "an outstanding example of the British adventurer at his best," and his plain prejudices add to the vigour of his style. He was a first-rate seaman and when his vessel was attacked on the Indian coast by eight pirate ships with over 2,000 men, he got away, though he was wounded in the thigh, and some of his lascars deserted to the enemy, and he had to put out fires in three places. On land he was equally resolute. When a Deputy-Governor owed him a considerable sum, Hamilton asked him to his house and got the money at once after threatening to throw him from the roof. His language concerning priestly imposture and the ways of traders is full of dry humour. It seems strange that nothing is known of the descent or early life of a man important enough to attract the attention of the Duke of Hamilton of the day. Scots are usually full of their ancestry. Can this adventurer have been illegitimate?

The notes, as might be expected from the writer, are always to the point and embody briefly a store of erudition.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

THE FRIEND OF SHELLEY: A MEMOIR OF EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. Cobden Sanderson. 21s.

READERS are now accustomed to psychological conjecture in biography and a hearty denunciation of the virtues or hypocrisies of respectable Victorianism. These fashions, when an attempt is made to rewrite a well-known life to suit a new theory, are apt to be tedious, but Mr. Massingham in Trelawny has got hold of a very striking character not yet submitted to the biographer's art; he has discovered new material to fill in periods of which nothing is known; and his free, somewhat anarchic point of view suits his hero well. He finds in Trelawny something of Samson, Ajax, Cellini, Hotspur, D'Artagnan, one, in fact, equal to the sheikhs of popular fiction, and in truth

he was a mighty man, splendidly healthy and handsome, wildly adventurous, and a writer of real power and a hero-worshipper as well. His errors and his taste in some few details can hardly be whitewashed, but he could be exceedingly kind and considerate, and, when his gasconading is allowed for, he appears in a much brighter light than criticism has been willing to allow him. This is Mr. Massingham's contention, and we think he has gone far to proving it in his picturesque and animated prose.

The "Adventures of a Younger Son" and "Recollections of Shelley and Byron" are both delightful books which rank higher than more precise and careful narratives. Trelawny's association with Byron, in which the conceit and arrogance of the posing poet show at their worst, is brilliantly anatomized by Mr. Massingham. When the two went to Greece, the real, noble Byron appeared and Trelawny with his Byronic poses did less well. But earlier he had been goaded by the sense of inferiority Byron forced on him and found an iconoclast who snubbed and rebuffed him. So he made much, too much, of Byron's faults and defects, when he came to write about him.

Shelley was the real friend, a poet of beautiful sincerity, and, if atheist in his views, certainly Christian in his acts. Trelawny's deep admiration for him remained throughout his long life and he was at his best in the last sad scenes, arranging everything and helping the women with delicate tact. It was he who set up the grave in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome and bought the land where his body now lies beside his friend's ashes.

Trelawny's friendship with Mary Shelley lasted for years, but cooled off when she became a complacent resident in the civilization he could not stand for long. Mr. Massingham thinks that there was no real liking between them, though Trelawny was capable of proposing marriage and writing like an ardent lover. If they had come together, he would not have stayed with her for long. He saw clearly that she was not the mate for Shelley, but was he not physically attracted by her? Did he not desire her as he did the other women of whom we know so little? He lost his good sense and freedom of thought in his love affairs. We can agree that the lasting of the friendship so long was surprising rather than the rupture, and dismiss much of the posing of Mary as the distressed heroine, a little too ready, like her odiously begging father, to ask for money.

In all the circle of well-known people Shelley and Trelawny shine out as the most natural, the freest from the mental disguises and inhumanities of clever folk, and the piratic rebel and Romantic could confess in his old age, "Nothing amazes me so much as the labyrinth of follies I have wandered in all my life."

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DR. HAGBERG'S new volume is, like his "Kings, Churchills and Statesmen" of last year, a series of vivid and always entertaining sketches of leading figures. He includes politicians from Melbourne and Disraeli to Lord Grey, men of action like Kitchener and Rhodes, and thinkers like Renan and J. S. Mill. His insight into English feeling is shown by his tribute to Mr. Pickwick, and he may be glad to know that Nature plagiarized from Dickens after his death by producing a Fat Boy in Kent. A new version of "Pickwick" has apparently just been published in Sweden, and we hope it is better than some other foreign efforts we have seen.

Part of the writer's plan is to see a little further than others into character, and this search for the real man may not always secure our agreement as the last word on the subject. Effective writing tends to exaggeration. Thus he derides Kitchener, who at least was the one man to realize the length of the war and, as General Baker-Carr has declared, to make the Machine-Gun Corps possible. Dr. Hagberg insists on being picturesque, and this method does not tend to accuracy. It suits him to regard the hero of Disraeli's last novel as "Endymion, the insignificant son of the soil, who was blessed by a womanly divinity." It must be a great while since he has read the book. Endymion became poor after the collapse of his father's fortunes, and had to leave Eton, but his father was well known as a successful politician and so was his great-grandfather. An "insignificant son of the soil" who could point to two Privy Councillors in his family would be an odd paradox. The book shows the rise of people of no family to power, but Endymion himself is always recognized as an aristocrat, the son of William Pitt Ferrars.

BEHIND BOTH LINES. By HUGH KINGSMILL. Mitchell Kennerley. 6s. 6d.

THIS book describes a few experiences on the Western Front and mainly life in the prison camps of Karlsruhe and Mayence.

The author had the advantage of knowing German, and could even quote it aptly, and for this reason, perhaps, was better received by German superiors than by British. He was actually suspected of spying, when he wrote to his brother in Switzerland. He has no atrocities to record and, though irritability and depression were natural states among the prisoners, he shows that the enforced companionship worked quite well as a rule and liking often developed into friendship.

For a time pretended illness secured a supply of brandy, and the comforts available in parcels were shared out fairly. The book. s very clever in its exposition of various types. The few born soldiers who are at their best in war stand out clearly, and there is an amusing revelation of characters written by one of the party for home consumption. The author had "more individuality perhaps than any man in the battalion," and was very sympathetic, if occasionally thoughtless. We can imagine, too, that his ready mind and tongue were a little trying to slower wits. He found men to talk poetry and deep things with and prints the derision this habit produced. A Kent cricketer, however, proved "the most delightful field officer he met in the war." The account of the friend whose growing misanthropy led him to frequent a steeply sloping roof with a sixty-foot drop below it is very striking. The book is both thoughtful and amusing.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON. Written by Herself. A New Edition, with an Introduction. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

MRS. ROBINSON, the Perdita who was left in the lurch by her royal lover, tells her story with a quaint elaboration of phrase which has its charm. Thus her mother is said to have shown towards her children.

> a too unlimited indulgence, a too tender care, which but little served to arm their breast against the perpetual arrows of mortal vicissitude.

Mrs. Robinson was, in fact, a blue-stocking as well as a beauty, engaged to write for the *Morning Post* and capable of composing verses to any extent. If Coleridge praised her, we cannot, but we can recognize the trials of her hard life with her harassed mother and her rascal of a husband, whom she married very young. She says little of her own beauty, though she mentions her dresses. She refused the addresses of Lord Lyttelton, "perhaps the most accomplished libertine that any age or country has produced," and was very cautious in receiving the impassioned advances of "the most admired and most accomplished Prince in Europe," though Mr. Robinson afforded at the

time many examples of "domestic apostasy." During secret and midnight perambulations at Kew the Prince

> sung with exquisite taste; and the tones of his voice, breaking on the silence of the night, have often appeared to my entranced senses like more than mortal melody.

However, when her royal lover was lost, she could make a figure in Paris, become a Della Cruscan, and publish a romance, the whole edition of which was sold in a day. Doubtless it was, like her life, an apotheosis of sentiment.

NEW EDITIONS.

TWELFTH NIGHT. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THIS is an excellent specimen of the editors' work. For once, as the play only appears in the First Folio, we are relieved from the more intricate problems of text, which tend to swamp interest in the poetry and drama. The introduction dwells happily on the spirit of the play as a Christmas lark and Feste as the best of clowns, more clean-mouthed than some. Dr. Bradley's tribute to him is now available in "A Miscellany," published last year. It is suggested that he was played by Robert Arnim, who could sing and was the successor of Kemp at the Globe, and that Aguecheek, who is like Slender, was probably played by the same actor.

The notes gather the best of the past and add new points. The much discussed "sound" in the opening lines, which can hardly give odour, is retained in the text, but "sough," spelt "sowe," is commended as a likely emendation. The word is known chiefly as northern dialect, but the same may be said of "roky" in *Macbeth*.

The stage history of the play includes a notable performance under Mr. Granville Barker in 1912.

THE TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY. THE TRAVEL LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Edited by A. W. LAWRENCE. SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTE BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER, by A. T. BARTHOLOMEW. Cape. 3s. 6d. each.

THIS "Library" is an excellent series, light in hand and containing enough variety to suit every reasonable taste. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a blue-stocking who translated Epictetus as a girl, was also a woman of lively curiosity who could suit herself to strange scenes. She enjoyed Vienna and still more Adrianople, where she dined with the Grand-Vizier's lady, appearing in the court habit of Vienna. One Turkish beauty she ranked above any she had ever seen. She went about freely everywhere in the Turkish dress, and made piquant comments

not to the advantage of Western civilization. The limits of her knowledge are fairly explained in the Introduction.

Mr. Bartholomew has made a good selection from Butler's "Note Books" which are a mine of startling and sensible reflections, with charming little accounts of odd people and conversations. Seldom, we think, has a writer of books taken the trouble to make such notes, and the reader is the gainer. He will find much to applaud or dispute, and notice that Butler wished to appeal to Nice People rather than critics. "The Psalm of Montreal," at the end, should not be missed.

GENERAL.

MODERN SUNLIGHT. By LEONARD V. DODDS. Murray. 7s. 6d.

WE wish this book a wide circulation, for it presents in a clear and readable form the witness of experts on the various powers and uses of sunlight. Striking as these are, the English wake up but slowly to new ideas, and more advance has been made on the Continent than over here. The chapter on "The Biological Action of Light" points out that Cologne, Düsseldorf and even Essen, with its vast factories of steel and iron, are absolutely smokeless. Wise men look forward to a great reduction of the Black Country. In Lancashire, Oldham leads the way, for between 50 and 60 workshops have eliminated the evil of smoke by using electricity. Defective children are vastly improved by sunlight, and recent research has discovered it in cod-liver oil, the cod feeding on animalculæ which have absorbed the sun's rays. Garden Cities make an immense difference in the preservation of infant life.

The chapter on "Technical Uses of Ultra-Violet Rays" shows how fluorescence can be used to trace the slightest impurities in many substances. Arsenic was thus detected in a murder trial at Berlin when chemical methods had failed. Truly, the powers of darkness all round are being foiled by the aid of the Sun-God.

TENNYSON IN FRANCE. By MARJORIE BOWDEN. Manchester University Press. 8s. 6d.

IT is always curious to see what critics make of a foreign writer, whom they may admire for quite other reasons than native judges. This book follows with admirable completeness the vogue of Tennyson in France. Tennyson was so distinctly English and so crude in his references to France that one might expect his work to have little influence there, apart from Parnassians likely to appreciate his gift of jewelled phrase. But he had his share in the renaissance of French idealism in the 80's, as the author points out, and in later days French critics have seen enough of England to appreciate Tennyson's attractive

views of a peaceful countryside. The Idylls were commended to France by Doré's illustrations, which figured in stiff Victorian homes as one of the few possible books for an English Sunday. In France they appeared in prose, which may well have been more effective as rendering the poet's spirit than long Alexandrines. One negative advantage Tennyson had, the absence of humour, which in its British form makes little appeal to French minds, but 419 Alexandrines rendering 280 lines of "Lucretius" offer, as the author says, a good example of long-windedness. Mallarmé's prose rendering of "Mariana" is much better. In 1885 "Enoch Arden" was prescribed for study in the *lycées* and numerous translations appeared, but we may wonder at the critic of 1900 who found "no hint of prearranged or calculated effect" in it, since both in metre and language it is too elaborate to suggest simplicity. Later critics disputed the judgment of Taine, who was always a most insecure judge of English. He should be definitely unseated now from his position as a great critic of our authors, and it is a wonder that he was able to see in "Maud" the core of violence beneath the smooth poet. Scherer was a much better critic and saw both the beauty and the conventional limits of Tennyson's Muse. Verlaine, during his stay in England, became a great admirer, and his translation of part of "In Memoriam" has been taken for an original poem in prose. Though there have been for many years in France acute and learned readers of English, Tennyson's influence on the general culture of France is undoubtedly small. One would not expect it to be larger, for there was nothing cosmopolitan about him and something of the moral prig. We should expect his sentiment to have a greater appeal to the Germans.

YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING. By C. HARRY BROOKS. With a Foreword by ROBERT SAUDEK. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

THIS short book with good illustrations of typical hands presents in simplified form the elaborate researches of Dr. Saudek, who adds some useful cautions as to the limits of delineation. Many clever young people form their writing on that of a parent, a friend, or any author they admire. At present, slovenly handwriting is so common that mere legibility is more to be desired than beauty. Mr. Brooks's prize hand of the highest merit is Darwin's, which is clear, steady and well spaced, but lacks elegance, like his style. The mere fact that in any competition in the popular press people are always asked to write their names and addresses in block capitals is a sufficient comment on the standard of writing to-day. The eighteenth century in this regard is far above the twentieth, but then few people wrote, and the sloppy ways of democracy had not invaded the general mind.

The speed of writing is an important point on which Dr. Saudek rightly lays stress. Doubtless, "the hand of less employment hath the daintier sense," as Hamlet remarked, and busy writers are tempted to indulge in hieroglyphics. But people can, like Samuel Butler, reform their hands in the direction of clearness. If Irving and Dean Stanley had thought of that, they would have saved a good deal of time for others. Mr. Brooks warns us that,

> if we come across an almost illegible signature, which yet shows signs of having been written slowly, we should certainly be on our guard in any dealings we may have with the writer.

We feel sure that some of our correspondents write quickly. A good rule, often forgotten, is that proper names, to which there is often no available clue, should be written more slowly than common words.

ERRATUM.—In the review of "Jahangir and the Jesuits," published in our July number, the name of Mr. Payne, the translator, should be read where "Perry" is printed.

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